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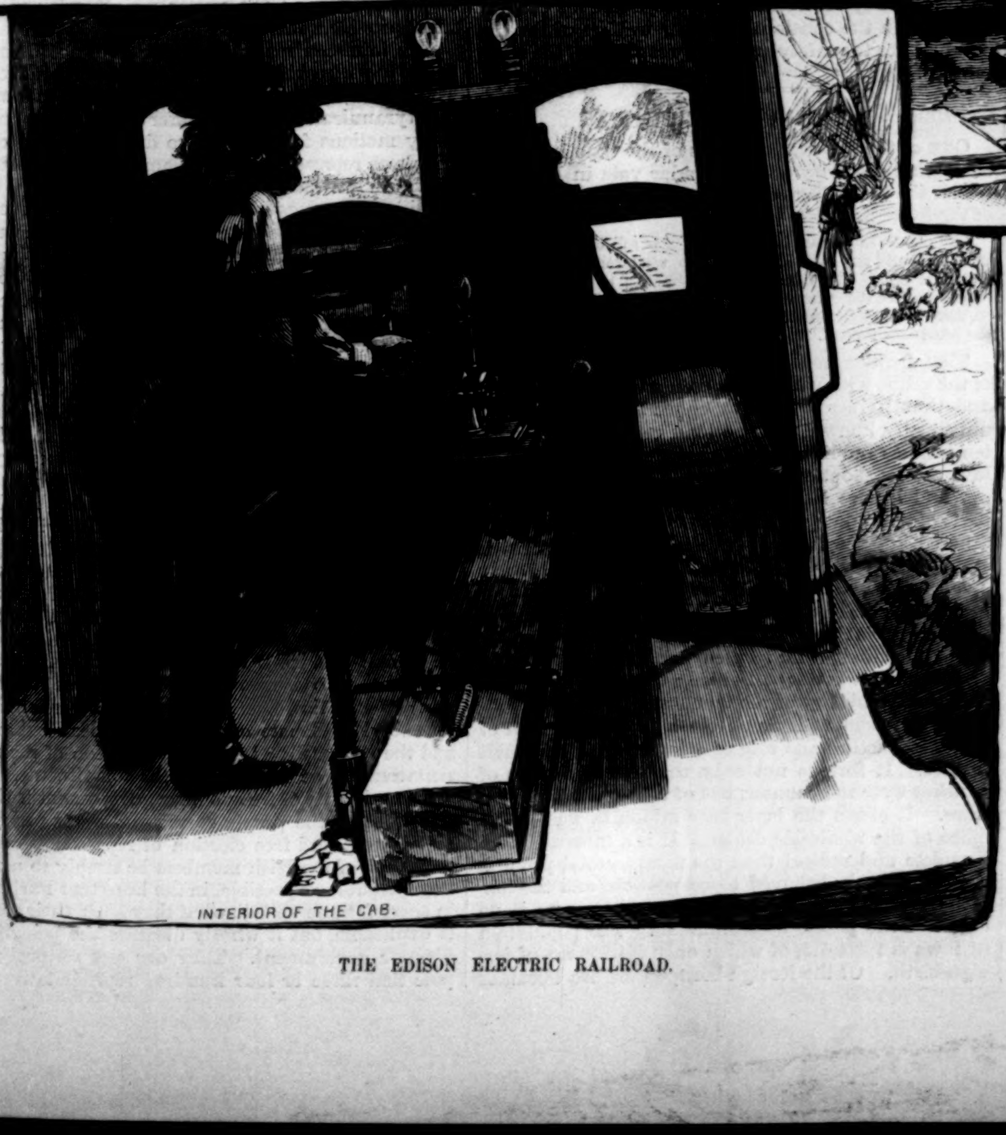
THE ELECTRIC RAILROAD.



INTERIOR OF THE CAB.

THE EDISON ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

AN ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

About an hour's ride out of Jersey City the traveller on the Pennsylvania Railroad by night is whirled through an expanse of white light, and suddenly into darkness again. While he is passing through this lighted area the whole country for miles around seems illuminated. Of a summer night he can see broad fields white with daisies and clearly outlined shadows of trees and fences. In winter there is a shimmering expanse of snow, while the icicles glisten like frozen moonbeams. To the right, as the train runs from Jersey City, a line of bright silver beads seems to run along the plateau, and every now and then a house whose windows are alight with the same silvery sheen comes in sight.

It is Menlo Park, the domain of the wizard Edison and his attending sprites. The glistening silver beads are electric lamps, whose soft radiance bathes the country in light, and the houses are similarly illuminated. And all this light is generated at one point—Edison's laboratory on the plateau. From that one point he can control it all. A touch of his hand—it vanishes, and all is dark. Another touch—and all is light again. He seems to have one of the great forces completely in his control; and when he stands in his laboratory and illuminates the surrounding country, as far as his system extends, by a simple gesture, the light appears to us for a moment as the iridescence of his bright intellect.

But from this point he also controls motive power as well as light; and this control extends over miles, and can include a complete railroad system. Already at Menlo Park he has such a system operating on a small scale. Behind the laboratory the plateau slopes down to a woody level, over which are laid for some two miles the tracks of a narrow-gauge railroad. The other day a car which was being repaired stood just outside of the laboratory on the plateau, in full view of the engines on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which went puffing sullenly past this evidence of rivalry. It is a singular fact, however, that, although Mr. Edison proposes to supplant steam-power by electrical power, he can not get along without the former

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 15, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 141, published July 11, contains two capital stories—"Fourth-of-July at Beaver Brook," illustrated, by Ada Carleton Stoddard, *and "How Johnnie Went to School," by* Mary A. Porterfield. *Chapter XV. of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" is one of the brightest in that most interesting serial, and there is a humorous sketch by* Mr. Allan Forman, *entitled "Having Fun with a Woodchuck."*

Among the articles that are instructive as well as entertaining special attention may be called to the biographical sketch of "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," by Mrs. John Lillie, *and to "Parsee Merchants of Bombay," by* Colonel Thomas W. Knox.

This number is made especially bright and attractive by a full-page illustration, drawn by Mr. W. A. Rogers, *of "The Babies' Fourth-of-July Procession," an event that takes place annually in the little town of Dayton, Ohio, and by a humorous sketch of childish woe, by* Mr. Thomas Nast, *appropriate to the cherry season.*

THE LATE "FOURTH."

It is universally conceded that the recent celebration of our great national holiday was the dullest ever known. The day itself opened delightfully cool, but the coolness was suspicious. The sky was early clouded, and soon after noon a heavy rain began to fall, with the wind blowing chilly from the east. In the evening and during the night there was an "old-fashioned" easterly storm, and so few rockets and pyrotechnical splendors have never been seen of late years. The pleasure-seekers upon excursions were wretchedly uncomfortable. The sea-side resorts were cold and desolate, and there must have been bitter disappointment among thousands who had contemplated an "outing," but whom wisdom kept at home, and hundreds of thousands of hosts who had anticipated hungry and thirsty crowds. In New York the celebration consisted of the cracking and popping of pistols and crackers, the meeting of the Cincinnati, the raising of the flag upon the Battery by a few veterans of 1812, the dinner of the veterans, and the dismal services at Tammany Hall.

But the chief contrast in this sad decadence with the traditional day was the almost complete omission of the Fourth-of-July oration. This was formerly the distinction of the day. This year, however, the voice of the orator was almost silent. At Woodstock, in Connecticut, where for many years speeches have been delivered on the Fourth, there was, indeed, an excellent oration by Senator Warner Miller, of New York; and at Williamstown, in Massachusetts, ex-President Mark Hopkins delivered a discourse upon Garfield, to whose career, also, Senator Miller alluded at length, and both orators, in praising the dead President, spoke the universal sentiment of the country. It is also very significant that Senator Miller spoke most strongly for the overthrow of the spoils system; and if the Republican wing of which he is a leader should earnestly support his views, his prediction would be accomplished that before the completion of the century the old and pure administrative traditions of the government would be restored. The Tammany oration was delivered by Mr. John Kelly, and was a sketch of the political history of the country, but without allusions to current politics. Doubtless his audience would have been instructed had they listened, but doubtless they did not listen.

This decline in the observance of the great day is mainly interesting as an illustration of the situation of the country. It is what is known as a transition period. The commanding questions of a half-century have been largely settled. When a Southern Democratic Senator, speaking in New Hampshire, says, as Senator Bayard said in his discourse upon Webster, at Dartmouth College, that attempted secession was a blunder worse than a crime, and that slavery is dead without a single mourner, it is evident that we have reached a new epoch, while there is a common consciousness that upon the new questions opinions are still unformed and political policies undetermined. The decline of the celebration does not signify any decay of patriotic feeling or purpose. The moment that there is strong public feeling upon any national question, the Fourth will resume its old importance as a day of earnest and eloquent expression of opinion. It was this for some years before the war, as it was during the war. Decoration-day has recently been a more significant festival, but naturally that will not supersede the commemoration of American independence. As a day of patriotic remembrance devoted to the heroes, civil and military, of every great national epoch, it is possible that Decoration-day will be ultimately blended in observance with the Fourth of July. But however this may be, until national pride in the republic is extinct, the Fourth of July, if not celebrated precisely as John Adams desired, will be the distinctive American holiday.

THE SEMI-CENTENARY OF BUFFALO.

The beautiful city of Buffalo celebrated on the Fourth of July the semi-centennial anniversary of its incorporation, and laid the corner-stone of a soldiers' monument. The drenching rain was most unwelcome, but the parade was very imposing, and the Seventh Regiment from New York fitly represented the great city. Buffalo is the third city in the State, standing next to New York and Brooklyn. The population of New York is 1,206,590; of Brooklyn, 566,689; and of Buffalo, 155,137. The next city in numbers is Albany, of which the population is 90,903, and Rochester follows hard after, with 89,363. Then come Troy, with 56,747, and Syracuse, with 51,791, and Utica, with 33,913. It is in looking at the number and rapid growth of the cities of New York that the thrift and prosperity of the State are seen. But it is none the less interesting to remark that in the ten years from 1870 to 1880 there was an increase of 25,000 in the number of farms in the State, or a percentage of 11.5.

The anniversary at Buffalo naturally carries the thoughts of a New-Yorker a little farther back than 1832—to October, 1825, when De Witt Clinton embarked at Buffalo upon the great inland river which his genius and energy had caused to connect Lake Erie with the bay of New York, and amid the acclamation and rejoicing of the State, floated unimpeded to the sea. No greater service was ever rendered to the State by any of her children, and without claiming for any one man the exclusive glory, it is evident that without the continued and intelligent resolution of De Witt Clinton, the work would not then have been accomplished. The Erie Canal creates a peculiar relation between the great city upon the lake and that upon the bay, as well as with those that stretch along the line of the canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson. The management of the famous waterway is still one of the most important questions of State politics, and the last year has seen no more interesting or vital issue raised than that of the freedom of the canals. Ex-Governor Seymour's letter upon the subject was a clear and admirable presentation of the fact that, in its nature, such a work is not a local advantage to the towns and counties through which it passes, but an immediate interest of the whole State.

The growth and development of Buffalo is one of the characteristic illustrations of American progress. The first village was practically destroyed in 1814, and the present noble city is a child of the canal. As the life of Garfield shows that under our institutions the tow-path may lead to the White House, Buffalo shows that the canal itself, by the enormous commerce which it creates, may produce a magnificent city. It remains only for the city to fulfill the anticipation of one of its most eminent citizens, Sherman S. Rogers, who, in his late discourse at the founding of a charitable institution, described the good works of practical humanity, of education, art, and benevolence, in which so opulent a city can wisely engage for its own advantage as well as glory. It is individual welfare rather than aggregate prosperity upon which the patriotic American may confidently fix his eye and his efforts, sure that in the constantly higher welfare of the individual lies the safety and true prosperity of the community.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

One of the political surprises of the time is the recent great majority of the popular vote in Iowa by which the following amendment to the Constitution of the State has been adopted:

"No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell or keep for sale as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine, and beer. The General Assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained, and shall hereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provisions thereof."

That drunkenness is the cause of a vast proportion of the crime with which every community has to deal, and that it increases taxes enormously, were facts universally known, and the long crusade against intemperance and liquor-selling is familiar. The Maine law, the local-option law, various forms of prohibitory and license laws, have been adopted in various parts of the country. Reports of their efficiency have differed, and the debate has been constantly renewed, stimulated by "praying bands" and damage acts. It has been very difficult to estimate accurately the effect of this various agitation upon public opinion. But the recent vote in Iowa shows how profoundly the public mind, in that State at least, has been stirred, and the result is unquestionably the most important event in the history of the temperance agitation.

The amendment is an absolute prohibition both of the manufacture and sale of all spirituous and malt liquors. It forbids not only the sale of a glass of whiskey over the counter, but of a box of claret at a store. It closes the lager-beer saloon as well as the office of the wholesale dealer. It is a measure more complete and radical than the most teetotal prohibitionist probably believed to be possible, and the majority is reported to be very large, so that there is no doubt of the public determination. The population of Iowa is 1,624,615, of which only 261,650 are of foreign birth. Of the foreign born, 88,268 are Germans and 44,061 are Irish. The number of men of voting age in the State is 416,658, and of these there are 126,103 who are foreign born. Iowa is essentially a rural State. Its three largest cities have an aggregate population of less than 70,000. These facts and figures largely explain the result. The cities, excepting Des Moines, voted against the amendment. But the country voted for it. The liquor interest is understood to have struggled strenuously against the measure, but it is the deliberate opinion of one of the most intelligent of American communities that the traffic in intoxicating liquors should be abolished.

It now remains for the Legislature to pass laws to carry the amendment into effect, and it is here that an effort will be probably made to mollify in some way the stringency of the prohibition. But the decided feeling that has been shown will affect the election of members of the Legislature, and unless there should be some reaction from the very completeness of the present success, the sentiment of the State will be so strongly represented in the Legislature that the trial of prohibition will be made. It will be watched with universal interest throughout the country, and the result in Iowa gives new interest to the election in Ohio, which will turn largely upon the temperance question. A glance at the figures shows that in Ohio, of a total population of 3,198,062, only 394,943 are foreign born, and that of this number 192,597 are Germans, and 78,927 are Irish. The men of voting age are 826,577, of whom 191,386 are foreign born. Upon these figures, and considering the force of the temperance feeling in Ohio, Republican success might be confidently anticipated in that State, if the native Democratic vote, which is large, were not always to be reckoned against what is known as a temperance policy. The result in Iowa and Kansas, however, and the situation in Ohio, show that the question has now become one of political importance.

FILIBUSTERING IN PARLIAMENT.

The suspension of Mr. Parnell and his associates in the House of Commons raises the question whether a legislature is morally bound to permit the purpose of its existence to be defeated under plea of regard for free speech. It is obvious that unless the majority may decide that at a certain time discussion shall end, the power in a legislative assembly is with the minority. Ten men, under Parliamentary forms, and with the most corrupt and dangerous purposes, may completely frustrate the will of the people, and practically put an end to the government. This was threatened at the extra session of Congress three or four years ago by the Democrats. They proposed to "starve out" the government if they could not have their way upon certain points when they were a minority. The rules of legislative procedure very properly protect the minority, but rules of procedure can not be allowed to baffle the very object for which they are instituted. They are designed to facilitate discussion and orderly decision. But when they are turned to prevent a decision, they are used to defeat their own purpose, and the power which ordained them must provide a remedy.

The immense majority of the House of Commons desire to pass a bill for repressing disorder in Ireland. The Irish members are resolutely opposed to it as cruelly tyrannical. They can offer amendments and dilatory motions forever, and so defeat the will of the people as represented in Parliament. The discussion upon the bill has continued for some weeks. Some modifications suggested by Irish members have been adopted. But it became evident that these members intended to prevent the passage of the bill by mere obstruction of dilatory motions, when the Government announced that as it considered the passage of the bill indispensable to the proper maintenance of order, it would continue the session day by day until the bill was passed. The dilatory policy was resumed more strenuously by the Irish members. Debate became angry and furious, and finally the Irish members were suspended, and excluded from the House. This seems to have been hasty and unnecessary and sure to provoke hostility. But assuming that the substance of the action was that voting upon the bill should be prevented no longer, and without justifying the exclusion from the House until actual turbulence made it indispensable for the transaction of business, the Irish members could not justly complain that free speech had been stifled, that they had not been heard, or that they had not had every opportunity for fair discussion, and for stating, with what force and eloquence they can command, their objections to the bill. When that has been done in a parliamentary assembly, legitimate opposition has been exhausted, and the appeal then lies from the action of the representatives to the judgment of the constituents.

The principle of free popular government is the intelligence of the people correcting errors peacefully by frequent and free election of representatives. If the object of the Irish members be simply to make as much trouble as possible, in the hope that Parliament in sheer fatigue will do what they wish, their conduct is explicable, but it wholly discards the principle of popular government. They can not seriously suppose that three or four hundred representatives will

yield their honest convictions, however mistaken they may be, to those of forty or fifty. It is not a question of the sincerity nor of the patriotic purpose of the Irish members, nor of their holding firmly to their convictions. If they think that Ireland should be independent, let them steadfastly adhere to that view. If they hold the Repression Bill to be flagrant tyranny, let them expose it and oppose it, and appeal by their argument and by their votes to that intelligence in England which for a half-century has been steadily correcting Irish abuses. But mere obstruction, defiance, and rage are not such an appeal. So long as they are members of Parliament they are bound to remember that mere dull obstinate obstruction is the end of free government. In this very debate they would have greatly aided their cause had they urged every argument and appeal, and then peaceably recorded their votes, trusting to the conscience and sense of justice which can alone avail, instead of angrily taking to "filibustering," in which they were sure to be worsted, without commanding sympathy and approval, except as they stung the Government to retaliation.

A MORAL FROM A LATE EVENT.

It is not yet too late to point one moral in the fate of GUITEAU. It is one that was forgotten a year ago by all who abandoned themselves to the fury of wishing that he might be drawn and quartered or boiled in oil, and by all who applauded the attempt of MASON to shoot him. The moral is that the solemn, cool, and certain process of law in the punishment of offenders is very much more satisfactory and more impressive than a barbaric burst of rage which revenges one crime by another.

There were persons a year ago who seemed really to plume themselves upon feeling more deeply than others the wrong and crime of the assassination because they vociferously desired some unique and awful fate for the murderer. They were apparently unable to see that the lawless taking off of an offender like GUITEAU is a disgrace to the country much more indelible than any crime committed by an individual. Self-restraint is as much an evidence of high civilization in a community as of strong character in a person. Tortures and physical agonies in punishments are natural in Ashantee, but they are disgusting in America. The sober and orderly and lawful end of the tragedy of a year ago was becoming to a great and civilized people. Had a mob burst into the jail and seized the assassin, and blown him from the mouth of a cannon or torn him in pieces, we should have had added to the bitter grief of the murder of the President the burning shame of an outburst of barbarism.

Society is safe under laws made by the people. It is not safe under mob law or popular passion, however sincere the public indignation may be, or however guilty the offender. MICHAEL DAVITT said, nobly and well, in his speech the other evening in Union Square, when somebody proposed dynamite as a remedy for the suffering of Ireland: "I believe in only one species of dynamite, and that is in moral dynamite—the explosion of ideas. That force will not spill blood, will harm no one person, but will pull down despotism and injustice in any part of the world. All these cries and talk of dynamite are very foolish and very vapid, and no sensible man should give utterance to them in any assembly." Even in the old Fugitive Slave Law times, men who would not hunt an innocent man as a slave were perfectly willing to submit peacefully to the penalty, confident that a law would be repealed which punished a man for an act of justice and humanity. When oppression is intolerable, as our Revolutionary fathers taught us, we may take up arms, and appeal to God and the conscience of mankind. But that is not a plea for savage outbreaks, and taking the law into private hands.

SPUYTEN DUYVIL AND PARKER'S CREEK.

THE terrible catastrophe upon the Long Branch Railroad is but another instance of the same kind of carelessness that was exposed by the Spuyten Duyvil disaster last winter. Coroners' juries, courts, and legislative committees have moved in that matter. There has been but one expression in public and in private of the wanton criminality of carelessness by which young and old were put horribly to death. But nothing has been done. Nobody has been punished, and the crowd of citizens which every morning hastens to town by rail from the country knows, as it reads of the frightful maimings and slaughter by what are called "railroad accidents," that they will be repeated presently upon other roads than the Central and the Long Branch, and that, after an outcry of wrath, all will be forgotten.

Both these accidents near the city were caused by the grossest carelessness. At Spuyten Duyvil last winter one train crashed into another upon a curve. No proper excuse can be imagined for such abominable negligence. There are a score of ways in which it could be made impossible. But with all the familiar resources of science, the safety of hundreds of passengers was intrusted to the chance of the inclination of an ignorant employé to take the risk of being left upon the track. This is the care of human life taken by one of the greatest railway corporations in the country. Upon the Long Branch road, at a point upon a bridge where repairs had been just made, the rails spread, and the train is toppled into the river. There are those who seem to be satisfied that the spreading of the rails was a justification of the catastrophe, as if spreading of rails were "the act of God," and not the gross negligence of men. Unavoidable accidents there must be, but the spreading of rails and the crashing of one train into another, unless the engineer is dead at his post, are not unavoidable accidents. In neither of these instances was the fault with the engineer. In the Spuyten Duyvil case it was with the management of the road. In the Long Branch case it is not yet clear where the blame justly rests. But the deaths in both places were in no other sense "the act of God" than the assassination of President GARFIELD.

The only remedy at law which will promote the safety of travellers by rail is a system of exemplary damages, and of personal responsibility and punishment. When one train runs at frightful speed into another, somebody is to blame, and, when found, that person should be punished. When rails spread, as at the Parker's Creek bridge, somebody is responsible, and he should be held to penal account. That the companies should take every possible care in selecting their agents, the damages for death and injury should be exemplary, that is, punitive. Nothing but the prospect of defeat scares a politician; nothing but fear of a loss of profits scares a corporation. Apply this principle in legislation to "railroad accidents," and we should be spared the massacres of Spuyten Duyvil and Parker's Creek. There is no doubt that public opinion would sustain such legislation. It is, in fact, the only way in which the great mass of travellers—and a large number of the most active citizens of New York are daily travellers by rail—can affect the provisions of the law. The satisfaction with which the project of a Railroad Commission is received in New York is largely due to the conviction that it is a step toward the restraint of that vast and unscrupulous power which is one of the rising perils of the time.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND MR. FREEMAN.

MR. A. A. FREEMAN, Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department, published a letter in the newspapers two or three weeks since, the autograph of which, however, he has not yet forwarded to the person to whom it is addressed. In this letter—assuming it to be authentic—Mr. FREEMAN declares that he has disregarded a statute of the United States because it is not the law of the land, and he asserts that Congress has no constitutional power to interfere with the right of an American citizen to make a voluntary contribution of his own money to aid a cause that he approves.

There is, nevertheless, a law of the United States which forbids a certain class of officers of the government to do certain things. If Mr. FREEMAN is not one of these officers, he is not forbidden. If he be such an officer, he is forbidden. In any case, he is not exempted from the penalties of the law by his citizenship, and if he is amenable to it, he is liable as an officer who has violated a law which, for the public good, forbids him to do certain things while in office—a law of a kind of which there are many in the statute-book.

It is the opinion of Mr. FREEMAN that a man can not be constitutionally prohibited, while holding a place under government, from giving what he chooses for a political purpose. In this view Mr. FREEMAN differs from Mr. WEBSTER, who used to be a constitutional authority, and who held that such giving could be prohibited by a simple Executive order. To this view Mr. WEBSTER gave his official sanction as Secretary of State. It was not because he favored any wanton interference with the rights of citizens who were office-holders, but because he wished to protect the rights of all citizens whether office-holders or not, and to prevent the mischiefs and abuses in the civil service which are now familiar. The letter of Mr. WEBSTER, which may be read profitably in contrast with the published letter of Mr. FREEMAN, is as follows:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, *March* 20, 1841.

"*To the Hon. Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Treasury:*

"SIR,—The President is of opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the general government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future.

"He therefore directs that information be given to all officers and agents in your department of the public service that partisan interference in the popular elections, whether of State officers or of officers of the [National] government, and for whomsoever or against whomsoever it may be exercised, or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries or official compensation for party or election purposes, will be regarded by him as cause for removal.

"It is not intended that any officer shall be restrained in the free and proper expression and maintenance of his opinions respecting public men or public measures, or in the exercise to the fullest degree of the constitutional right of suffrage. But persons employed under the government, and paid for their service out of the public Treasury, are not expected to take an active or officious part in attempts to influence the minds or votes of others, such conduct being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and the duties of public agents acting under it, and the President is resolved, so far as depends upon him, that while the exercise of the elective franchise by the people shall be free from undue influence of official station and authority, opinion shall also be free among the officers and agents of the government.

"Similar letters have been addressed to other heads of departments.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN DAVIS, the new Third Assistant Secretary of State, appointed on the 3d inst., is the son-in-law of Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, and nephew of the Assistant Secretary, Mr. J. BANCROFT DAVIS, who has just resigned. Mr. DAVIS was clerk to the Commissioners for the distribution of the Geneva award, and was Mr. FISH'S private secretary while Mr. F. was Secretary of State. He was by Mr. EVARTS appointed assistant counsel for the United States on the American Claims Commission. He is in all respects qualified for the duties of his new position.

—Miss ELLEN HALE, of Boston, daughter of the Rev. E. E. HALE, has been especially honored in the Royal Academy, London, by the hanging in a conspicuous position of a portrait painted by herself. The leading English critics pronounce it an admirable work of art.

—President ARTHUR'S portrait for the White House is to be painted by THOMAS LE CLEAR, of this city.

—Mr. WILLIAM R. GARRISON, whose recent death has been so generally alluded to in the daily journals, was a man in the very prime of manhood, whose exceptional advantages of talent, fortune, energy, and admirably balanced mind and temper marked him out as one of the future great capitalists and powers in the business and financial world. He was a man of scholarly tastes, a good linguist, refined in manner, full of strong, practical sense, and inspired confidence in all with whom he came in contact. Indeed, the instances are very few where qualifications so remarkable were combined in so young a man. Yet his modesty was as conspicuous as his stronger characteristics, and caused him to seek great operators less than he was sought for by them. Although a member of the principal clubs and president of the New York Club, he was not what is called a "club man." His tastes, on the contrary, were very domestic, and his family ties very strong. His influence for good in social as well as in business life was already felt, and was sure to increase as the years went on. The death of such a man is a loss to be universally deplored.

—Mr. ARTHUR BECKWITH has finished a large altarpiece of the finding of Jesus in the Temple for the Church of St. Agnes, in this city. This church, under the pastorship of the Rev. H. C. MACDOWALL, is now one of the leading Roman Catholic churches of New York, and especially noted for the high order and excellence of its music. Father MACDOWALL inherits the musical talent of his distinguished uncle, the late Rev. Dr. CUMMINGS, of St. Stephen's, and although a new parish, St. Agnes numbers among its members many of the most prominent Catholics of New York.

—Mr. ROBERT E. PATTISON, Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, is described as a pleasant-mannered, rather quiet young man, quick to see a point, careful in deciding, and hard to change when his mind is once made up. He stands over six feet, stoops slightly, has dark hair and eyes, and wears a small mustache.

—The oldest living graduate of Harvard College is WILLIAM THOMAS, of Plymouth, ninety-three years old, and a graduate of the class of 1807. He was present at the last Commencement.

—HENRY IRVING, the eminent manager and actor, who will make a flying visit to this country early next month to glance at the ground he will occupy in the following year, recently addressed in London a meeting for the promotion of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, in the course of which he said: "You must distinctly bear in mind that this proposed scheme is not one of charity; it is one of aid—aid of which we might all of us at some time be in need. When brother or sister in fortune helps brother or sister in distress, we do not call it charity. We must all bear in mind this one thing—that we do not ask charity or accept it. We help each other and ourselves. It is the accident of our lives or our calling which may make such help as we can give welcome or even necessary, but it is needful that we have some actual scheme, perpetual in its aim, comprehensive in its scope, large-hearted in its workings, which may enable us to give that aid while we can, and to accept it should we fall on evil times."

—Colonel CHARLES GORDON GREENE, formerly and for nearly half a century editor of the Boston *Post*, celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday on July 1. He established the *Post* in 1831, and during his long occupancy of its editorship enjoyed the respect of the profession, irrespective of party, and wielded a political influence in his paper, and outside of it in organizations and conventions, not surpassed by that of any Democrat of his time.

—General GRANT was one of the passengers on the train from New York to Long Branch, on the 29th ult., which met with the disastrous accident, and his conduct on the occasion was quite characteristic. Fortunately he was not hurt. The fireman of the locomotive, seeing that the General had lost his hat, offered the one he wore. This he declined, remarking, "As long as my head is left, I guess I can get along without a hat." The General lost no time in lending assistance to the people imprisoned in the cars; in fact, took charge of the rescuing party, directing them how to place planks across from the bridge to the top of the cars. During all the time he was cool and collected. A friend of Colonel FRED GRANT expressing some surprise at the Colonel's confidence that no harm had come to his father, he said: "Oh, my father comes through all sorts of things. In the early times of the war my mother used to be very uneasy about him, fearing he would be killed or wounded in some battle. But after a year or two she got over that, and her only anxiety was then to know whether he had got beaten or won the day."

—Few men have had a more interesting experience of the "late unpleasantness" than Major WILMER McLEAN, who died a few days since in Alexandria, Virginia. He literally saw the beginning and end of the war. It was on his farm that the battle of Bull Run was fought, and General LEE surrendered on his farm at Appomattox, to which he had moved with his family.

—Two sons of GARIBALDI'S daughter THERESITA, wife of General CANZIO, are named respectively ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JOHN BROWN.

—Those who personally knew DANIEL WEBSTER and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS knew also that, although politically antagonistic to each other, they were very warm personal friends. An instance of this friendship is thus related by Mr. GEORGE C. BATES in a letter to JOHN WENTWORTH: "Soon after California was admitted I was in the State Department with FLETCHER WEBSTER, CHARLIE MARCH, and Secretary of State WEBSTER, when the latter said to me, in his careful yet godlike manner: 'Young gentleman, you know Senator DOUGLAS well, my son tells me.' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'better than any living man. He was my school-mate, my friend, and will do for me anything that I will ask him.' 'Well,' said he, hesitating and blushing almost, 'President FILLMORE has sent in all the Federal appointments for California, and my friends are disappointed. They are not properly cared for. I should like to have action on these nominations suspended until we can see and right them.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'I will see DOUGLAS, and your wish shall be gratified.' That evening, about eleven o'clock, I went to DOUGLAS'S room, found him just going to bed, told him WEBSTER'S wishes, got a carriage by his orders, and went with him to see Dr. GWYNN, then United States Senator from California. DOUGLAS told him our wishes, and the doctor, a wonderful man then and now, took all the California appointments into his own hands, suspended them all for weeks, compelled FILLMORE to change and recall some and alter others, and the Secretary of State and his friends were all well satisfied. While DOUGLAS was true to his own party, he was true always to his friends; was a most manly, noble, and great-hearted man, whose fidelity to our country, our Union, and our nation never faltered or wavered."

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"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "When the Ship Comes Home," etc.

PART II.—IN THE SEASON.

CHAPTER II.

ELSIE'S FRIEND.

"I think, Elsie," said Mr. Percival, formerly called the Professor, "that this is a chapter which will fire the imagination, and make the blood boil and the pulses quicken. Don't you find your generous young heart leaping up?"

"HE HAD PAINTED STEADILY FOR FORTY YEARS."—[See No. 1333, Page 422.]

He was reading from a manuscript, and a girl was sitting at the open window listening. The place was a first floor in one of those streets of profound respectability—from the lodging-house point of view—about Bloomsbury. A box of mignonette was in the window, which assisted the imagination and helped the listener to follow the reader far away among woods and meadows, streams and hills. The girl was quite young, not more than eighteen or nineteen; she was listening critically, and she shook her head to express a kind of doubt. It was a head of a pretty shape, set off by the last fashion of wearing the hair, which reveals the shape of a head, and is therefore fatal to many a girl who might otherwise be counted beautiful. Her face belonged to a not uncommon type, whose beauty depends chiefly on expression; it is a good, safe kind of beauty, because when it once takes hold of a man it grows upon him, and fastens upon him, until he cares for no other kind of face in the world.

Mr. Percival—no longer the Professor, for he had resigned, and was now engaged on making that spoon or spoiling that horn—lived in the house as lodger. He had lived there before he went abroad, so that he returned to it as an old friend. Elsie, the daughter of the house, was a school-girl when he went away, and a grown-up girl when he came back. There was only one other lodger, and he was an old gentleman who gave no trouble; and on the proceeds and profits derived from her two lodgers Elsie's mother, who was a widow, paid her rent and taxes and supplemented the family income. All day long, until half past seven, Elsie was the governess of a child of five or six; in the evening, resuming an old custom of her childhood, she became the companion and confidante of Mr. Percival, a pleasant, conversational, good-natured sort of man, who liked companionship, especially of the youthful female kind. Sometimes she went for walks with him in the quiet squares; or she sat with him, or she read with him, or even she went to the theatre with him, in a manner which would have been compromising to the last degree in some circles; but in Elsie's, which can hardly be called a circle, and yet was not a square—perhaps a crescent, an oblong—it didn't matter. She had no friends who would inquire what were Mr. Percival's intentions, and, indeed, at present he had none, because Elsie seemed to him still the child he remembered when he was last in London, and because he was without an income, and was feeling his way along the thorny path of literature, dreaming and devising great things, and meanwhile thinking himself lucky when he had a book tossed to him for review, or got an article accepted, or hit upon an idea which could be afterward worked up. As for falling in love with Elsie, that, if you please, no more entered into his mind than into hers. He was ten years older than herself, which at eighteen seems a frightful difference. She knew, besides, that he was already in love with a young lady as beautiful as a queen, whom he could never marry by reason of one Tom, who somehow stood in the way. This young lady was in England, having come across the seas in his company; but he did not go to see her, because, Elsie thought, he felt that it would be a pity for him to get more entangled in this hopeless labyrinth of love. Besides, a literary man wants to keep his brain clear, and in that novel he was writing, from which he read to her sometimes in the evening, there was a man so madly in love with a young lady who both hero and novelist thought was perfect, yet who seemed to Elsie a whimsical woman, that merely to portray his emotions it was necessary for the mind of the writer to be quite free from any troubles of its own; the largest and fullest sympathy was required for love of this passionate kind. When the work was completed it would be time to visit Virginie, whose Christian name Elsie had heard many hundreds of times.

She shook her head, criticising the chapter.

"I suppose it is a powerful scene," she said; "but, you know, they wouldn't really go on like that. Nobody possibly could."

"What would they do, then?"

"Oh, I don't know. They would feel angry and disappointed with each other. Then they would go away and break things off, I suppose."

"It is clear to me, my child, that you have not the faintest conception of the passion of love. How should you?" he sighed. "For my own part, I have experience. I portray, with a change of name, my own feelings toward Virginie."

"Oh!" She laughed the laugh of the doubter. "Your passion, indeed! But you have grown desperate, and you—why, you go on as happily as if you had no passion."

"The sting is concealed," he said. "It is like the hair shirt. Many a lusty knight of old was found after death to have worn a hair shirt unknown to his friends."

"Yes," she said, sharply. "They put on flannel first, I suppose. Why can't you draw things as they are, and people as they talk? That is what I like to read about."

"Profound student of human nature! Remember that it is the province of art not so much to present nature faithfully as to present things as they should happen—but don't. Nature is flat. Situations are wasted. In real life, my child, events do not happen dramatically; nor are the right things said at the right moment; nor are there surprises—though, to be sure, *il n'y a rien sûr que l'imprévu*. Real life, Elsie, is apt to be dull—"

"Horribly dull," said the philosopher of eighteen. "Frightfully dull, sometimes."

"Yes, and flat, and unhappy; being made unhappy chiefly by little things, not big calamities. Temper, I believe, and want of sympathy, and want of change, and want of society, make up most of the domestic unhappiness which no novelist has had the courage to tackle. It is woman's work, not man's, to write about the little pin-prickings of the home life. Did you ever have prickly-heat, Elsie? Of course you have not. Then you can't understand—but I can—what many of our beautiful English homes are like. Real life? No; I do not think I shall tackle the subject of real life. Romance is what I shall freeze to."

"Want of change seems to me the worst thing of all," said Elsie. "Look at my poor father. He was born in London, he lived in London, and he never went out of London, because he never could afford it. Hampstead he called the country. It was his only idea of country, poor dear. It was mine too, till you first came and we began to go about together."

"Yes," said the great writer as yet unknown, "we have made pilgrimages on Sundays, haven't we? We know the pit of the theatre, do we not? We have ventured on the river at Hampton—happy Hampton—we two together. Courage, Elsie; life must not be monotonous for you."

"Then life ought to be honest," said the girl, passionately. "Why, I am a common cheat and impostor."

"Nay, nay," said her adviser. "If Miss Violet Lovelace is pleased with your manner and work, surely that is enough."

"She advertised for a perfect lady for her boy. I answered the advertisement. She was very good to me, and said at the beginning such kind things about my manners, you know, that I did not dare to undeceive her. 'My dear,' she said, 'I want a perfect lady, because my boy will be a gentleman. You may go on calling me Miss Violet Lovelace if you like, because that is my stage name; but I am a married woman, and my husband is a wretch, although he is a gentleman of good family. I am separated from him. As for myself, I am not quite a lady—off the stage; but I am getting on, and when the boy grows up and can make comparisons he shall not be ashamed of his mother. Of course I have few opportunities of knowing real ladies in private life. So now you see what I want, and if you will try, and will be good and patient with the boy, I shall always be more grateful to you than words can tell.' That was what she said; and I deceived her, and said I would try."

"The word lady, Elsie," said Mr. Percival, putting aside his manuscript, "covers an area about equal in extent to that claimed for the word gentleman."

"If I had told her that my father was nothing but a humble clerk in a small house of business, and that my mother took in lodgers, would she have received me as her governess? You know she wouldn't."

"The question is, rather, if she knew these facts now, would she consider you unfit for the post? Because, you see, my child, she seems to like you."

"I am sure she likes me. Nobody could be more affectionate to me, or kinder, which makes the deception worse."

"Very good, then. And you like the boy."

"Who could help liking the dear child?"

"In that case, Elsie, trouble not your little head about possibilities. For there are many. Enjoy the good fortune that comes in your way. Sunshine is scarce. Kind persons are scarce. If Miss Violet Lovelace asks you any questions about yourself, tell her what you please. Meanwhile, be as useful as you can to the boy. Now, my child, I am going to put away the novel. I say, though," he added, lovingly regarding his manuscript, "the last is really a most tremendous chapter. I wonder how Thackeray would have treated it? But, poor man, he never could have conceived a situation so dramatic and so terrible; and I am going to have a quiet pipe. You need not go unless you like. In fact, I would rather you staid."

"Miss Violet," said Elsie, "came home to-day at half past twelve in a very low way. First she sat down and sighed as if her heart was breaking. Then she wished she had never been born. After that she kissed the boy, and said that if it was not for him she could wish that she was dead. When they served our dinner—which is her breakfast, you know, because she has to sit up half the night sometimes and gets up late—she would not eat anything."

She did stay. Nothing could have been a greater reversal of the manners and customs of the perfect lady, whom Elsie was supposed to present for the ensample of the boy, than for a girl of eighteen to be sitting night after night with a young man of eight-and-twenty—alone, if you please. Yet Elsie liked it. And the young man liked it. And Elsie's mother thought no harm of it, and if she did she was welcome to walk upstairs and put her head in and speak her mind.

"Got a cold?" asked Percival.

"Oh no. She never catches cold, though the theatre is full of draughts. She got up presently and went away to her own room. Then Mr. Perigal, who had been sighing with her, like a pump, whispered to me that she had seen her husband in the Park."

"This grows mysterious. Is her husband generally invisible?"

"Mr. Perigal told me all about her marriage. She married a gentleman who was in love with her because she was so beautiful and so clever. Mr. Perigal was at the wedding, with her father, who is a stage-carpenter at Drury Lane. Mr. Perigal believes that he was married under a false name. Anyhow, she won't say who or what the man is. But he must be a very bad man, because

she left him and came back to Mr. Perigal, and said that nothing would ever induce her to go back to her husband, or to take any kind of help from him. And to-day she saw him riding in the Park, and it gave her a turn."

"Ah! Things might be made of this," said the aspiring novelist.

"Fortunately," Elsie went on, "it seems that he did not see her."

"The Park would be a fine stage for a recognition scene. 'It is—it is'—amid the tears of a sympathetic crowd—'it is my long-lost husband! Behold that scar, inflicted, in our happy, happy days, by your own hand, and with the kitchen poker! At last you find me—'"

"You forget," said the young lady without an imagination, "that he must know where she is and all about her, because her photograph is in all the windows."

"To be sure. I forgot that. It must be a pleasing thing for a separated married man to be reminded of his bonds by every shop window! I should walk in the Park—which, it seems, the gentleman was actually doing—so as to get out of the way of the photographs. I suppose Mr. Perigal does not know the cause of the separation?"

"No. She has never told anybody. No one knows her name, or anything about the marriage at all. Her husband, whoever he is, has never sent her any money or help; and at first, before she made a success, I think she was very poor at times. It seems cruel, when she is so beautiful, and so clever, and so much admired, and might marry well if she were free."

"Yes, it seems cruel. Still, she has the boy."

"Yes. The boy is to be sent to a public school, she says, because his father was there. And he is to go to Oxford afterward, if he wishes. And then he is to go into the army. So that we suppose his father was in the army too. As for the stage, it is not to be mentioned in his presence. And yet the child is a born actor, like his mother. But you don't care for this talk. Miss Violet Lovelace is nothing to you."

"On the contrary, Miss Violet Lovelace is a good deal to everybody who goes to the theatre, if it is only to the pit. You and I have often admired her extremely."

"You would laugh to see the love-letters and the bouquets she gets. Sometimes she shows them to me; sometimes she tosses them to Mr. Perigal, who puts them in the fire; and sometimes she gets angry with them, and tears them up in a rage. Now your pipe is finished, and perhaps you would like me to go. But if you like to have another, we can talk about Miss Virginie."

"Woman is a wheedler. You know I should like to have another pipe, and you know I like to talk about Virginie."

"She lives, does she not, in an enchanted island?"

"Yes; enchanted when she is on it. Formerly it was one of the Fortunate Islands. The shades of heroes used to haunt its woods and sit beside its water-falls. I saw Ulysses there myself, once; but when I drew nearer, intending to have a talk over a few little things, he changed into an aged nigger with snow-white wool. But there is no doubt that the island was enchanted while Virginie lived there. Now that she has come to England the spell, I dare say, is removed. It can not be anything more than a commonplace bit of an island, with ups and downs—which they call hills and ravines—and trees and rivers, and it smells all over of guano. I wonder any one can go on living there. But no doubt they are all packing up to go away as fast as they can."

"And what sort of a palace did she have?"

"The palace was built entirely of jasper, malachite, white marble, and other precious materials, set with sapphires and pearls. It was crowded with works of art, especially in sculpture, and it was hung with rich tapestries and silken curtains; beautiful flowers stood about, and there were perfumed fountains, and always the sound of dropping music, and wonderful maidens with lustrous eyes and long floating hair, dressed in amber silk, of Greek fashion, to attend the Princess."

"How delightful! She was the queen of the whole island, of course?"

"Why, of course she was. Nothing else was possible. She ruled all hearts, and was, indeed, a most gracious monarch, the fountain of honor and the dispenser of joy."

"And you were in love with her?"

"That was not unusual; in fact, we were all in love with her. But Tom came first. I only came second."

"That horrid Tom!"

"Yes; I often regret that I never pushed Tom over the edge of the ravine. It might have been done so very easily, and the consequences to me would have been so delightful. Indeed, I was only restrained from doing so by the consideration that perhaps Virginie might have been annoyed; and one would not vex that divine creature even by a crumpled rose-leaf, to say nothing of a crumpled Tom."

"I see. Did she like being loved by everybody? Did it make her vain?"

"Vain! Are you aware that you are speaking of Virginie? Do you know that she is without any fault at all? My dear Elsie, you must not ask questions which betray ignorance so profound."

The girl laughed.

"Oh, it is delicious! And all about a woman!"

"Why, who should it be about, if not a woman?"

"To think that men can talk such extravagant nonsense, and, I suppose, believe it about any girls!"

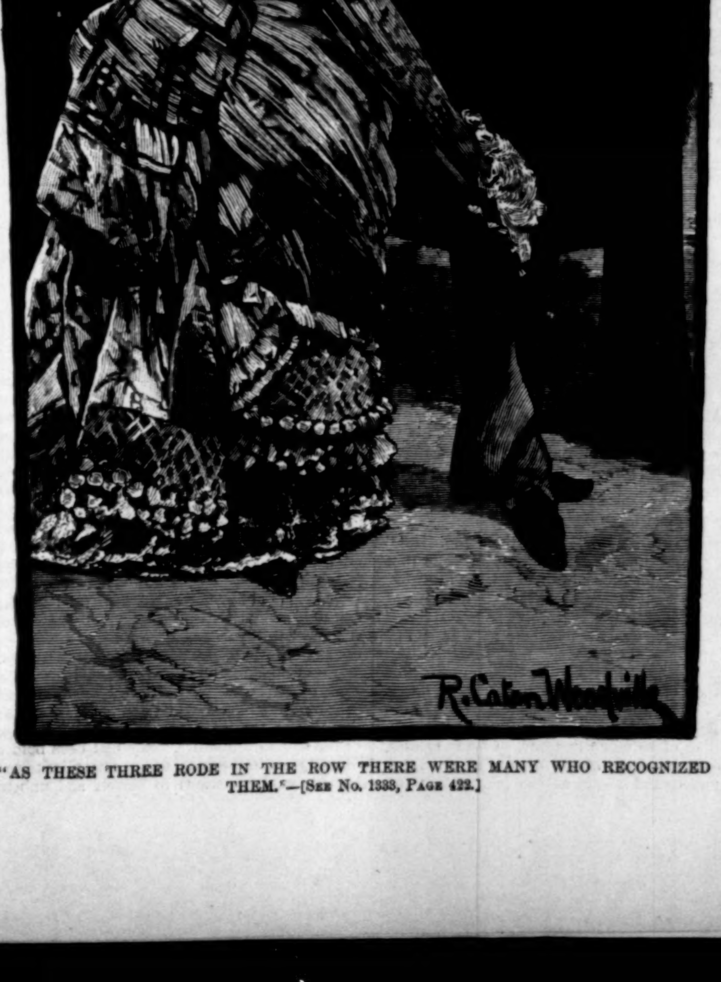
"She is a goddess," said Percival. "Now, if there were no goddesses we should have to invent some. Do you see? Which things are an allegory."

"No, I do not see. Can not you be content with your Virginie as she is?"

"'As she is!'" he replied. "There is no '*is*.' You are to me—what I think you are. You are to yourself—what you think you are. To your mother you are some one else. Virginie is to me—a goddess. What she is to other men doesn't matter."

"I like it," said Elsie, reflecting; "only it must make a girl ashamed of herself to be called a goddess, when she knows very well that she is just like other people, and, I suppose, the best of girls sometimes feel that they ought to be better. Good-night, Mr. Percival. Go to bed and dream of your enchanted palace."

"Now there is a girl," said Percival, slowly, as he prepared for going to bed, "who might make a man, in time, believe that there may be, after all, different kinds and degrees in goddessships. Maybe? There are—yet—oh! Virginie!"



"AS THESE THREE RODE IN THE ROW THERE WERE MANY WHO RECOGNIZED THEM."—[See No. 1333, Page 422.]

CHAPTER III.

AN ACTRESS AT HOME.

Nobody wanted a Miss or a Mistress to place before that illustrious name of Violet Lovelace; other people crave for titles; the more naked his name the better pleased is the actor; he knows, you see, the difference between real and sham distinction. The young lady arrived at the highest honors of her profession by a single leap. When she began—when Guy Ferrier discovered her—she was only intrusted with those parts which require little speaking, but a good deal of standing about on the stage. In one sense, therefore, she was, from the beginning, one of the brightest ornaments of the British Theatre, and, as one of a group, she helped to form many most delightful pictures.

At the outset she was quite an ignorant young lady, without very much ambition, and only half conscious of her good looks. If you are born in the neighborhood of Drury Lane; if your papa is a "carpenter," using the word in its theatrical sense; if all your friends belong, somehow or other, to the "house," so that the children go on with the pantomime as soon as they can wear a costume, and the grown-up ones are supers, unless they are ticket-takers, carpenters, door-keepers, dressers, and the rest of it; if the pavement of Russell Court, Duke's Court, and Vinegar Yard is your dancing-school; if your mother is a dresser at the theatre, and your cousins are ballet girls, and your brothers also drop naturally into the service, you are also pretty certain to fall in with the stream, and regard the theatre in some form or other as offering you the only means of getting your daily bread.

It was Mr. Paul Perigal—"old" Paul Perigal; his earliest recollections of the stage are connected with the visit of the Allied Sovereigns—who first found out Emily Hicks. Purely in the interest of the drama he kept an eye upon beauty or promise among the humbler children of Thespis. Emily lived close to the theatre. She went on at Christmas till she grew too big to go on any longer. Her mother proposed that she should follow her own line, which is safe, if not lucrative, and become a dresser. But Paul Perigal ordered otherwise. "Hicks," he said to the carpenter, "you've got a girl who may be a flyer. I've observed her, Hicks. She will be, unless my experience deceives me, a beautiful woman. Your own experience of the stage, Hicks, will warrant you in agreeing with me that beauty is half the battle, because a girl can always be taught to stand and turn her eyes about and smile, even if she can't open her mouth to speak. But your girl is as sharp as a needle and as cheeky as a boy. Send her to me, Hicks, and I will do what I can for her."

Emily Hicks was not slow to recognize the fact that it is ten times more jolly to be dressed and to stand on the stage for the admiration of the world than to be hidden away behind for the purpose of dressing others. She also knew that she was frightfully ignorant of manners as well as of learning. And when she saw—which was every night—the stage ladies, with their magnificent stage manners, she wondered whether she, too, would ever have to walk with that air, to sweep back the skirts with gestures so splendid, to wear such frocks as if they belonged naturally to her. Now, in the eyes of such observers as Miss Emily Hicks, it is most true that "manners maketh the woman."

Paul Perigal took great pains with her. She was such a sharp, intelligent pupil that he began to conceive the greatest hopes of her. She had a voice of the kind which is good for a song on occasion, though not enough to make her a singer. He had the voice trained; then he had her taught to dance—perhaps she would become a burlesque actress; then he taught her to walk and to carry herself; then he taught her to read aloud, to speak without the use of Drury Lane colloquialisms; then he persuaded her father to let her live with him entirely, with the view of separating her from those young friends whose acquaintance in after-life might not be desirable. And when all was done, and the sharp-faced, cheeky child of Duke's Court had become in two or three years transformed into an extremely beautiful girl of seventeen, thus trained and drilled, the worthy old actor began to instruct her in the real craft and mystery of the dramatic art.

From such small beginnings sprang the greatness of Violet Lovelace.

She was on the stage in that small way already described for a few months only. Then she left it to marry a man who was madly in love with her: a young man, a handsome man, a man in the army, a man like a hero of romance for dark eyes and dark hair, a man—oh!—who was going some day to have a title. The last fact was her own secret, never revealed to her father or to Paul Perigal.

Paul heard of the intended marriage with a groan of disappointment. He hoped for so much from this girl, who was so clever. Now she was going to marry a swell, and his labor of four years would be lost. Never, never again could he hope to find a pupil so promising. His professional reputation was staked upon her success. He allowed her, he told everybody, to go on in small parts only in order to give her confidence; but wait—wait a bit—she would make the finest Lady Teazle ever seen on the stage; as Rosamond she would make an epoch; as Juliet she would be incomparable. He boasted about her at Rockley's: "A gem of the first water, gentlemen; the very first water. I shall be content, for my own part, with the immortality which will be my lot, not as an actor, though, perhaps, memories may survive—I say nothing, but a certain Mercutio of the year 1836 is quoted still—thank you, gentlemen—but I shall not be remembered so much as an actor, but as the happy finder, developer, and instructor of this light in histrionic art." And now this gem was lost, wrested from him, and to be lost to the drama! Pity! pity! a thousand pities!

What, however, Paul Perigal did not foresee, and could not possibly foresee, was the return of the deserter (who looked pale and worn, but resolute), which took place within a year of her marriage, and her announcement that she was ready to take up her old work, and to devote herself to it. She further informed her tutor that no questions were to be asked about her husband, who was a wretch worthy of the greater condemnation. Then she asked Paul what he thought of the baby, who was wonderful for six weeks old; and then she said that she was ready to begin at once.

"I don't wish to put impertinent questions, my dear," said Paul, tearfully, because the divided emotions of joy at her return to art, and of sympathy with her wrecked married life, brought those signs of sympathy to his good old eyes. "But I should like to ask one, if I might."

"Can't tell, Daddy," she replied, in something of her old defiant way. But she looked as if, at touch or word, she, too, might "go off." "Can't tell till I hear it."

"Only this, my dear," he said. "I did my best to make you a lady."

"You did—bless your dear old heart!"

"But, you know, my experience extended to ladies on the stage, and—and—in point of fact—not those who have played leading parts. I don't think, for instance, that I ever saw a Juliet of the Lane at her own house. And as for society ladies—ladies in the front—of course I never knew any. Oh! I know it's getting different with the young fellows now. But I'm old, and I understand my position, which is more on the level of the Nurse or Lady Capulet than with Juliet. So that, you see, I've been at times fearful lest, when you went into marble halls and gilded saloons, people might have wondered who you were. Because your manners might not, perhaps, be quite the same as theirs. Don't think me rude, my dear."

"Don't be afraid, Daddy. I never had any opportunity of showing any manners. Because I have never seen a lady, or a gentleman either, since I went away. Amy Robsart, bless you, was nothing to it. And I believe if my lord and master had been able to make that little trap in the staircase without being found out he would have done it, and I should have gone into it—flop: and there would have been an end of one. Of course I only waited till the boy was born to come away. And, of course, he didn't want the boy at all. I've been locked up since the wedding, because he's ashamed of his wife, and he wishes she was dead. Never mind asking any more questions, Daddy. I mean to live, not to die; and the boy shall live too. And now that is settled, let me get to work. No more standing with one knee bent and a sweet smile—like that—if you please. I must have a country engagement for leading parts; and then I must come to town. Go to Rockley's, and tell them I've come back. You may gas as much as you like about talent and beauty and such. I'll have my photograph taken again—you don't think I'm going off, do you?—and with your help, you dear old Daddy, we'll pull 'em in and make some money."

She went into a country troupe and travelled for three years and more, patient, working hard, studying every morning with Paul, and never neglecting the boy.

Then she came to town and made her first appearance in a new comedy, which would certainly have been a failure but for her acting and her extraordinary beauty. The unforced merriment, the pathos, the ease of the new actress startled and arrested the people. It was a great success, and Violet's fortune was made.

The first thing she did was to advertise for a real lady to take daily care of her boy, now five years old and no longer a baby.

Elsie was the real lady. Violet chose her from a good many applicants on account of her quiet manner and trustworthy face.

"Some of them were dressed better," she explained, "and some of them pretended to know more, and some of them wanted to teach the boy on a system. Most of them looked as if they would probably beat and pinch the boy when I was out of sight. In that case I should have had to beat them, which they would not like, and there would have been rows. But this girl I am sure won't beat him. I told her I wanted a lady, and she blushed very prettily—Daddy, if only one could blush on the stage!—because, I suppose, nobody had ever doubted that she was a lady; not a stalls lady, or a private-box lady, but an upper-circle-at-four-shillings-reserved lady, who comes to the theatre by Underground, and is not ashamed to cry and laugh; father something respectable, I suppose, with a shop somewhere—what does it matter? She said that she would do her best for the child if I would let her take him; and she spoke so prettily! Don't you think I might find a part for this style of thing? Look, Daddy." Here she drooped her eyes a little, made her face a little longer, just smoothed her hair, folded her hands, and lowered her voice, and became immediately Elsie. "That kind of thing. I believe it would take, if the people got to understand it at once. But I want an author—oh! I want an author badly."

"But about the governess?"

"Oh yes. Well, you know she is quite young, and I am four-and-twenty, and I feel ever so old." Violet was given to mixing up things so that it was not always easy to follow her line of thought. What she meant, however, was that she was old enough to read character and to enact the part of a patron. "So I just kissed her and told her to come every day, and that I was going to be a real lady some time—in fact, that I am always understudying the part; but that at present I was a great stage lady, and so on, and so on. And here we are, and here she is, Daddy—and I feel that so respectable a young lady confers dignity upon the house. You are not to bring any more people from Rockley's here, if you please; the place will have to be as demure as the Foundling Hospital; and if you and I do sometimes have a little supper with a few noble patrons of the drama, we must have it out of the house in future."

"Very well, Violet," said Paul. "Do you think the young lady, at odd moments, would like a little instruction in the—"

"You dear old man!" She threw her arms round his neck and gave him a stage kiss, which everybody knows is done without impressing the lips upon the cheek or brow at all. But she disarranged his wig. "I believe you would like the whole world to go on the stage."

"'All the world's—'"

"Don't, Paul. And let Elsie alone; she is to be my governess, not my rival. I should like," said the actress, proudly, "to see the woman who will be my rival in a year or two. And now, Daddy, one more trial of that scene. Come! But I *must* find an author."

It was this assumption of the "real lady" which preyed upon poor Elsie's mind. Not that it entered Violet's busy head to ask who or what her father was. She was profoundly ignorant of the world outside the stage. Whether she was told that Elsie was the daughter of a bishop or of a City clerk, she would not have suspected any difference. One sometimes gets glimpses of this ignorance of humanity's cherished social differences. Everything depends on rank, even in the most Radical and republican countries; and rank is a thing of so much delicacy, so many shades, that only one born in the middle of it all can truly understand it—can at once feel the true awe for those above him, and the true contempt for those below. This is an advantage possessed by the middle-class man which has never before been set forth. Violet, you see, was born too low down. In her early days everybody with a black coat seemed to her a swell, and everybody in kid gloves seemed a lady. This kind of ignorance sticks in a surprising manner, so that you may detect the high-born aristocrat, however he may dissemble, by his not understanding why the solicitor and the general practitioner do not always stand upon the same level, and why the ladies of both decline to call upon the eminent draper's wife.

After a separation of five years the sight of her husband was to Violet the revival of old bitternesses that she had thought forgotten and clean passed away forever. But you can not so put things away and lock them up. Nothing is ever really forgotten so that you are quite safe that it will never come back to you. The sight of the man's face brought back to her recollection her foolish belief in him, her trust in his loyalty, her dreadful disappointment in him, the cruel things he had said, his selfishness, his shame of her, so that he kept her a prisoner, and would neither let her go anywhere nor bring any of his friends to see her. No one should know, he told her, that he had been such a fool. No one should even guess that he had a wife. When she left him, it was with a letter telling him where she was going and what she was going to do. They were to be henceforth as if they had never met; but for the sake of the boy, she would preserve her marriage lines.

"Daddy," she asked, "could that man take away the boy?"

"I don't think he could."

"If he were to try," she said, with a glitter in her eye, "I would stab him. Did you see him yesterday—how he looked in the face of the girl he was riding with? That way he used to look at me. Sorrow and trouble for any woman who falls in the way of such a man."

"There are laws about married people," Paul went on; "but I don't know exactly what they are, because I never, somehow, thought about marrying till it was too late. Much better, for an old man like me, to have a young daughter than a young wife about him. No wife could be so pretty and bright and clever as you—and always in good temper—"

"Not always, Daddy; not when she meets her wretch of a husband."

"If I had a wife she would only be disturbing my ease. Well, my dear, I don't know what the laws are. But I believe that whatever you earn he can take, unless there's been some sort of a legal separation. All that you have is his, you see; and I suppose that all he has is yours, too."

"I don't think," said Violet, laughing rather grimly, "that he is likely to go to the treasury on Saturday morning; and he won't want the furniture. Besides, that is yours."

"We will say so to keep it from him. But it was bought with your money."

In fact, Violet had displaced all the dingy old sticks and refurnished the house with bright new things of the most modern fashion; so that the place, though Bloomsbury is not one of the most cheerful and sunny parts of London, was pleasant to look upon.

"It is the boy, Daddy, that I am thinking of. Always the boy. I am sure he hates the boy; he would do the boy a mischief if he could. Because, you see, the boy is his heir."

"If he hates the boy he can leave his money to some one else."

"It isn't only money, Daddy. It is land, and—and other things that he can't leave."

"He shall only harm the boy," said Paul, fiercely, "by passing over my mangled corpse."

"Thank you, Daddy dear. I know your fidelity, and I will bring you home a property sabre—one of the sort with a curly blade, you know. But that won't be the way. Oh, Daddy, I am going to have trouble. He will come to see me."

"Courage, Violet. He can do nothing."

"And I can do a great deal. Because he is afraid of me. Patience — patience — Daddy mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "ORLEY FARM," "THE WARDEN," "IS HE POPENJOY?" "MARION FAY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

SIR FRANCIS TRAVELS WITH MISS ALTIFIORLA.

MISS ALTIFIORLA was at the station of course before her time. It is the privilege of unmarried ladies when they travel alone to spend a good deal of time at stations. But as she walked up and down the platform she had an opportunity for settling her thoughts. She was angry with three persons—with Mrs. Western, Mr. Western, and with herself. She was very angry with Cecilia. Had Cecilia trusted to her properly, she could have sympathized with her thoroughly in all her troubles. She was not angry with her friend in that her friend was afraid of her husband. Would she have reposed herself and her fears on her friend's bosom, it might have been very well. But it was because her friend had not been afraid of her that she was wroth. Mrs. Western had misbehaved egregiously, and had come to her in her trouble solely because it was necessary. So far she had done naturally. But though she had come, she had not come in any of the spirit of humility. She had been bold as brass to her in the midst of her cowardice toward her husband, imperious to herself and unbending. She had declined her advice with scorn. And yet one word spoken by herself would have been destructive. Seeing that she had been so treated, had she not been wrong to abstain from the word?

Her anger against Mr. Western was less hot in its nature, but was still constant. He had not liked her, and though he had been formally civil, his dislike had been apparent. He was a man proud of himself, who ought to be punished for his pride. It was quite proper that he should learn that his wife had been engaged to the man whom he had so violently despised. It would be no more than a fitting reverse of fortune. Mr. Western was, she thought, no better than other men, and ought to be made so to understand. She had not quite arranged in her mind what she could now do in the matter, but for "dear Cecilia's" sake she was sure that something must be done.

And she was angry with herself at allowing herself to be turned out of the house before the crisis had come. She felt that she ought to have been present at the crisis, and that by the exercise of her own powers she might have hurried on the crisis. In this respect she was by no means satisfied with herself.

She was walking up and down the platform of the little country station, thinking of all this, when on a sudden she saw Sir Francis Geraldine get out of a brougham. It can not be explained why her heart throbbed when she saw Sir Francis get out of his brougham. It was not that she thought that she could ask his advice on the matters which filled her mind, but there probably did come to her vague ideas of the possibility of some joint action. At any rate she received him when he came upon the platform with her blandest smile, and immediately entered into conversation with him respecting the household of the Westerns. What a stiff man he was, so learned, so proper, and so distant! It was impossible to get on with him. No doubt he was very good, and all that. But what was their poor dear Cecilia to do with a man so silent, and one who hated all amusements? Before the train came up she and Sir Francis were quite on good terms together; and as they were both going to London, they got into the same carriage.

"Of course he's a prig," said Sir Francis, as they seated themselves opposite to one another. "But then his wife is a prig too, and I do not see why they should not suit each other."

"You did not use to think her a prig, Sir Francis."

"No; like other men I made a mistake, and was nearly having to pay for it. But I discovered in time—luckily for both of us."

"You know," said Miss Altifiorla, "that Cecilia Holt was my dearest friend, and I can not endure to hear her abused."

"Abused! You do not think I wish to abuse her. I am awfully fond of her still. But I do not see why she and Western should not get on very well together. I suppose they've no secrets from each other," he added, after a pause. Upon this Miss Altifiorla remained silent. "They tell each other everything, I should think." Still Miss Altifiorla said nothing. "I should imagine that she would tell him everything."

"Upon my word I can't say."

"I suppose she does. About her former engagement, for instance. He knows the whole story, eh?"

"I declare you put it to me in such a way that one doesn't know how to answer you."

"Different people have such different opinions about these kind of things. Some people think that because a girl has been engaged to a man, she never ought to speak to him again when the engagement is broken. For my part, I do not see why they should not be as intimate as any other people. She looked at me the other day as though she thought that I ought not to put myself into the same room with her again. I suppose she did it in obedience to him."

What was Miss Altifiorla to say in answer to such a question? She did remember her promise, and her promise was in a way binding upon her. She wished so to keep it as to be able to boast that she had kept it. But still she was most anxious to break it in the spirit. She did understand that she had bound herself not to divulge aught about Mrs. Western's secret, and that were she to do so now to Sir Francis, she would be untrue to her friend. But the provocation was strong; and she felt that Sir Francis was a man with whom it would be pleasant to form an alliance.

"You must know," said Sir Francis.

"I don't see that I need know at all. Of course Cecilia does tell me everything; but I do not see that for that reason I am bound to tell any one else."

"Then you do know."

"Know what?"

"Has she told him that she was engaged to me? Or does he not know it without her telling him?" By this time they had become very intimate, and were whispering backward and forward with each other at their end of the carriage. All this was very pleasant to Miss Altifiorla. She felt that she was becoming the recipient of an amount of confidential friendship which had altogether been refused to her during the last two weeks. Sir Francis was a baronet, and a man of fashion, and a gentleman very well thought of in Devonshire, let Mr. Western say what he might about his conduct. Mr. Western was evidently a stiff, stern man, who did not like the amusements of other gentlemen. Miss Altifiorla felt that she liked being the friend of a man of fashion, and she despised Mr. Western. She threw herself back on the seat and closed her eyes and laughed. But he pressed her with the same question in another form. "Does he know that she was engaged to me?"

"If you will ask me, I do not think that he does."

"You really mean to say that he had never heard of it before his marriage?"

"What am I to do when you press me in this way? Remember that I do not tell you anything of my own knowledge. It is only what I think."

"You just now said that she told you everything."

"But perhaps she doesn't know herself."

"At any rate there is a mystery about it."

"I think there is, Sir Francis." After that it was not very long before Miss Altifiorla was induced to talk with great openness of the whole affair, and before they had reached London she had divulged to Sir Francis the fact that Mrs. Western had as yet told her husband nothing of her previous engagement, and lived at the present moment in awe at the idea of having to do so. "I had no conception that Cecilia would have been such a coward," she said, as Sir Francis was putting her into a cab, "but such is the sad fact. She has never mentioned your name."

"And was therefore dreadfully frightened when I called."

"Oh, dreadfully! But I shouldn't wonder if she has not told him all about it now."

"Already, you think?" He was standing at the door of the cab, detaining it, and thereby showing in a very pleasant manner the importance of the interview.

"Well, I can not say. Perhaps not yet. She had certainly not made the communication when I left this morning, but was only waiting for my departure to do so. So she said, at least. But she is terribly afraid of him, and perhaps has not plucked up her courage. But I must be off now."

"When do you leave town?"

"This afternoon. You are delaying me terribly at this moment. Don't, Sir Francis!" This she said in a whisper because he had got hold of her hand through the window, as though to say good-by to her, and did not at once let it go.

"When do you go? I'll see you off by the other train. When do you go, and from where?"

"Will you, though? That will be very kind. Waterloo—at 4.30. Remember the 4.30."

"Sans adieu!"

Then she kissed her hand to him, and was driven off.

This to her was all very pleasant. It gave an instant rose-color to her life. She had achieved such a character down at Exeter for maidenly reserve, and had lived so sternly, that it was hardly in her memory that a man had squeezed her hand before. She did remember one young clergyman who had sinned in this direction, twelve years since, but he was now a Bishop. When she heard the other day that he had been made a Bishop, some misgivings as to her great philosophy touched her mind. Had she done right in repudiating mankind? Would it not have been better now to have been driving about the streets of the episcopal city, or perhaps even those of the metropolis, in an episcopal carriage? But, as she had then said, she had chosen her line, and must now abide by it. But the pressing of her hand by Sir Francis had opened up new ideas to her. And they were the pleasanter because a special arrangement had been made for their meeting once again before they left London. As to one point she was quite determined. Mrs. Western and her secret must be altogether discarded. As for her promise, she had not really broken it. He had been clever enough to extract from her all that she knew, without, as she thought, any positive statement on her own part. At any rate he did know the truth, and no concealment could any longer be of service to Cecilia. It was evident that the way was open to her now, and that she could tell all that she knew without any breach of confidence.

Sir Francis, when he left her, was quite determined to carry his project through. Cecilia had thrown him over with most abominable unconcern and self-sufficiency. He had intended to honor her, and she had monstrously dishonored him. He had endeavored to escape this by taking upon himself falsely the fault of having been the first to break their engagement. But there was a doubt as to this point, and people said that he had been jilted—much to his disgust. He was determined to be revenged, or, as he said to himself, he had made up his mind that the broad truth should be known. It certainly would be the "broad truth" if he could make Mr. Western understand the relations on which he, Sir Francis, had but a few months before stood in regard to his wife. "Honesty," he said to himself, "demanded it."

Miss Altifiorla, he thought, was by no means an unpleasant young woman with whom to have an intrigue. She had good looks of her own, though they were thin and a little pinched. She was in truth thirty-five years old, but she did not quite look it. She had a certain brightness of eye when she was awakened to enthusiasm, and she knew how to make the best of herself. She could whisper and be—or pretend to be—secret. She had about her, at her command to assume, a great air of special friendship. She had not practiced it much with men as yet, but there was no reason why she should not do so with advantage. She felt herself already quite on intimate terms with Sir Francis; and of Sir Francis it may be said, that he was sufficiently charmed with Miss Altifiorla to find it expedient to go and see her off from the Waterloo Station.

He found Dick Ross at his club, and lunched with him. "You're just up from the Criterion," said Dick.

"Yes; I went down for the sake of renewing an old acquaintance, and I renewed it."

"You've been persecuting that unfortunate young woman."

"Why a young woman should be thought unfortunate because she marries such a pink of perfection as Mr. Western, and avoids such a scapegrace as I am, I can not conceive."

"She's unfortunate because you mean to bully her. Why can't you leave her alone? She has had her chance of war, and you have had yours, and he has had his. As far as I can see, you have had the best of it. She is married to a stiff prig of a fellow, who no doubt will make her miserable. Surely that ought to be enough for you."

"Not quite," said Sir Francis. "There is nothing recommends itself to my mind so much as even-handed justice. He played me a trick once, and I'll play him another. She, too, played me a trick, and now I can play her one. My good fortune consists in this, that I can kill the two birds with one stone."

"You mean to kill them?"

"Certainly I do. Why on earth should I let them off? He did not let me off. Nor did she. They think because I carry things in an easy manner that I take them easily. I suffer as much as they do. But they shall suffer as well as I."

"The most pernicious doctrine I ever heard in my life!" said Dick Ross, as he filled his mouth with cold chicken pie.

"When you say pernicious, have you any idea what you mean?"

"Well, yes; awfully savage, and all that kind of thing. Just utter cruelty, and a bad spirit."

"Those are your ideas, because you don't take the trouble to return evil for evil. But then you never take the trouble to return good for good. In fact, you have no idea of duty, only you don't like to burden your conscience with doing what seems to be ill-natured. Now if a man does me good, I return it—which I deem to be a great duty; and if he does me evil, I generally return that sooner or later. There is some idea of justice in my conduct, but there is none in yours."

"Do you mean to punish them both?"

"Well, yes; as far as it is in my power, both."

"Don't," said Dick Ross, looking up with something like real sorrow depicted on his face. But still he called for some greengage pie.

"I like to get the better of my enemies," said the baronet. "You like fruit pie. I doubt if you'd even give up fruit pie to save this woman."

"I will," said Dick, pushing the pie away from him.

"The sacrifice would be all in vain. I must write the letter to-day, and as it has to be thought about, I must begin it at once. Whatever happens, do not let your good-nature quarrel with your appetite."

"He's a fiend, a perfect fiend," said Dick Ross, as he sat dawdling over his cheese. "I wouldn't have his ill-nature for all his money." But he turned that sentiment over in his mind, endeavoring to ascertain what he would do if the offer of the exchange were made to him. For Dick was very poor, and at this moment was in great want of money. Sir Francis went into the smoking-room, and sitting there alone with a cigar in his mouth, meditated the letter which he would have to write. The letter should be addressed to Mr. Western, and was one which could not be written without much forethought. He not only must tell his story, but must give some reason more or less plausible for the telling of it. He did not think that he could at once make his idea of justice plain to Mr. Western. He could not put forth his case so clearly as to make the husband understand that all was done in fair honor and honesty. But as he thought of it, he came to the conclusion that he did not much care what impression he might leave on the mind of Mr. Western, and still less what impression he might leave on hers. He might probably succeed in creating a quarrel, and he was of opinion that Mr. Western was a man who would not quarrel lightly, but, when he did, would quarrel very earnestly. Having thought it all over with great deliberation, he went upstairs, and in twenty minutes had his letter written. At a quarter past four he was at the Waterloo Station to see the departure of Miss Altifiorla. Even he could perceive that she was somewhat brighter in her attire than when he had met her early in the morning. He could not say what had been done, but something had been added to please his eyes. The gloves were not the same, nor the ribbons, and he thought that he perceived that even the bonnet had been altered. Her manner, too, was changed. There was a careless ease and freedom about her which he rather liked; and he took it in good part that Miss Altifiorla had prepared herself for the interview, though he was to be with her but for a few minutes, and that she should be different from the Miss Altifiorla as she had come away from the Western breakfast table. "Now there is one thing I want you to promise me," she said as she gave him her hand.

"Anything on earth."

"Don't let Mr. Western or Cecilia know what you know about that." He laughed, and merely shook his head. "Pray don't. What's the good? You'll only create a disturbance and misery. Poor dear Cecilia has been uncommonly silly. But I don't think that she deserves to be punished quite so severely."

"I'm afraid I must differ from you there," he said, shaking his head.

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Absolutely."

"Poor Cecilia! How can she have been so foolish! He is of such a singular temperament that I do not know what the effect may be. I wish you would think better of it, Sir Francis."

"And leave myself to stand in my present very uncomfortable position! And that after such treatment as hers. I have thought it all over, and have found myself bound in honor to inform him. And it is for the sake of letting you know that I have come here. Perhaps you may be called upon to say or do something in the matter."

"I suppose it can not be helped," said Miss Altifiorla, with a sigh.

"It can not," he replied.

"Poor dear Cecilia. She has brought it on her own head. I must get into my train now, as we are just off. I am so much obliged to you for coming to see me start."

"We shall meet each other before long," he said, as she again kissed her hand, and took her departure. Miss Altifiorla could not but think what a happy chance it was that prevented his marriage with Cecilia Holt.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. WESTERN HEARS THE STORY.

It was the custom for Mr. Western to come down into the library before breakfast, and there to receive his letters. On the morning after Miss Altifiorla's departure he got one by which it may be said that he was indeed astonished. It can seldom be the case that a man shall receive a letter by which he is so absolutely lifted out of his own world of ordinary contentment into another absolutely different. And the world into which he was lifted was one black with unintelligible storms and clouds. It was as though everything were suddenly changed for him. The change was of a nature which altogether unmanned him. Had he been ruined, that would have been as nothing in comparison. The death of no friend—so he told himself in the first moment of his misery—could have so afflicted him. He read the letter through twice and thrice, and then sat silent with it in his hand, thinking of it. There could be but one relief, but that relief must surely be forth-coming. The letter could not be true. How to account for its falsehood, how to explain to himself that such a letter should have been written to him without any foundation for it, without any basis on which such a story could be constructed, he could not imagine to himself. But he resolved not to believe it. He saw that were he to believe it, and to have believed it wrongly, the offense given would be ineffable. He should never dare to look his wife in the face again. It was at any rate infinitely safer for him to disbelieve it. He sat there mute, immovable, without a change of countenance, without even a frown on his brow, for a quarter of an hour; and at the end of that time he got up and shook himself. It was not true. Whatever might be the explanation, it could not be true. There was some foul plot against his happiness; but whatever the nature of the plot might be, he was sure that the story as told to him in that letter was not true. And yet it was with a very heavy heart that he rose, and walked off to his wife's room.

The letter ran as follows:

"My dear Mr. Western,—I think it is necessary that I should allude to a former little incident in my past life—one that took place in the course of the last year only—to account for the visit which I made to your house the other day, and which was not, I think, very well taken. I have no reason to doubt but that you are acquainted with all the circumstances. Indeed, I look upon it as impossible that you should not be so. But, taking that for granted, I have to explain my own conduct.

"It seems but the other day that Cecilia Holt and I were engaged to be married." Mr. Western, when he came to this passage, felt for a moment as though he had received a bullet in his heart. "All Exeter knew of the engagement, and all Exeter seemed to be well pleased. I was staying with my brother-in-law, the Dean, and had found Miss Holt very intimate at the Deanery. It is not for me now to explain the way in which our engagement was broken through, but your wife, I do not doubt, in telling you of the affair, will have stated that she did not consider herself ill used. I am quite certain that she can never have said so even to herself. I do not wish to go into the matter in all its details, but I am confident that she can not have complained of me.

"Under these circumstances, when I found myself living close to you, and to her also, I thought it better to call and to offer such courtesies as are generally held to be pleasant in a neighborhood. It would, I thought, be much pleasanter to meet in that frank way than to go on cutting each other, especially as there was no ground for a quarrel on either side. I have, however, learned since that something has been taken amiss. What is it? If it be that I was before you, that is too late to be mended. You, at any rate, have won the prize, and ought to be contented. You also were engaged about the same time, and my cousin has got your young lady. It is I that was left out in the cold, and I really do not see that you have any reason to be angry. I have no wish to force myself upon you, and if you do not wish to be gracious down at Ascot, then let there be an end of it. Yours truly,

"Francis Geraldine."

He arose, and went slowly upstairs to his wife's bedroom. It was just the time when she would come down to breakfast, and as his hand was on the lock of the door, she opened it to come out. The moment she saw him she knew that her secret had been divulged. She knew that he knew it; and yet he had endeavored to eradicate all show of anger from his face, as all reality of it from his heart. He was sure—was sure—that the story was an infamous falsehood. His wife, his chosen one, his Cecilia, to have been engaged a year ago to such a one as Sir Francis Geraldine—to so base, so mean a creature—and then to have married him without telling a word of it all! To have kept him willfully, carefully, in the dark, with studied premeditation, so as to be sure of effecting her own marriage before he should learn it, and that too when he had told her everything as to himself! It certainly could not be, and was not true!

She stood still, holding the door open, when she saw him there with the letter in his hand. There was an instant certainty that the blow had come, and must be borne even should it kill her. It was as though she were already crushed by the weight of it. Her own conduct appeared to her black with all its enormity. Though there had been so little done by her which was really amiss, yet she felt that she had been guilty beyond the reach of pardon. Twelve months since she could have declared that she knew herself so well as to be sure that she could never tremble before any one. But all that was changed with her. Her very nature was changed. She felt as though she were a guilty, discovered, and disgraced criminal. She stood perfectly still, looking him in the face, but without a word.

And he! His perceptions were not quick as hers, and he still was determined to disbelieve. "Cecilia," he said, "I have got a letter." And he passed on into the room. She followed him, and stood with her hand resting on the shoulder of the sofa. "I have got a letter from Sir Francis Geraldine."

"What does Sir Francis Geraldine say of me?" she replied.

Had he been a man possessed of quick wit, he would have perceived now that the letter was true. There was confession in the very tone of her voice. But he had come there determined that it was not true, determined at any rate to act as though it were not true; and it was necessary that he should go through the game as he had arranged to play it.

[to be continued.]

[*Continued from first page.*]

AN ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

himself, for the simple reason that the dynamos which generate the electricity have to be worked by steam.

The electric locomotive and car now in use stand in the shed at the terminus, not far from where the wires fed from the dynamo in Mr. Edison's laboratory strike the rails. The locomotive has four wheels, and a driver's house, like any ordinary steam locomotive, and does not differ much at first sight in appearance from this. Even in the driver's house there are levers and mechanical arrangements which at first appear familiar. On closer inspection, however, certain differences in outline and detail are noticed. Of course there is no smoke-stack, but simply something resembling it, in which the head-light is fixed. Then, too, the arrangements in the driver's house are to connect and close electric circuits instead of to regulate the supply of steam. Yet, taking it all in all, the electric railroad does not present in appearance a startling difference from the present narrow-gauge steam railroad.

The track runs straight for a short distance, and then curves into the woods. Mr. Hughes, who exhibits, explains, and runs the engine, puts in a couple of plugs to make connection in the electric circuit between strips of conducting metal in the driver's house, pulls the lever for a similar purpose, and without puffing or snorting, without smoke or cinders, the train glides out of the shed, switches on to the main track, and turns the curve into the woods, gradually increasing in speed and diminishing again until the other terminus is reached. Then, in order to show how the motive force may be reversed, the train is backed down again to the point from which the start was made. During the entire trip, as at the start, there has been no smoke, no cinders, no heat, and no noise, excepting such as made by the running of the wheels.

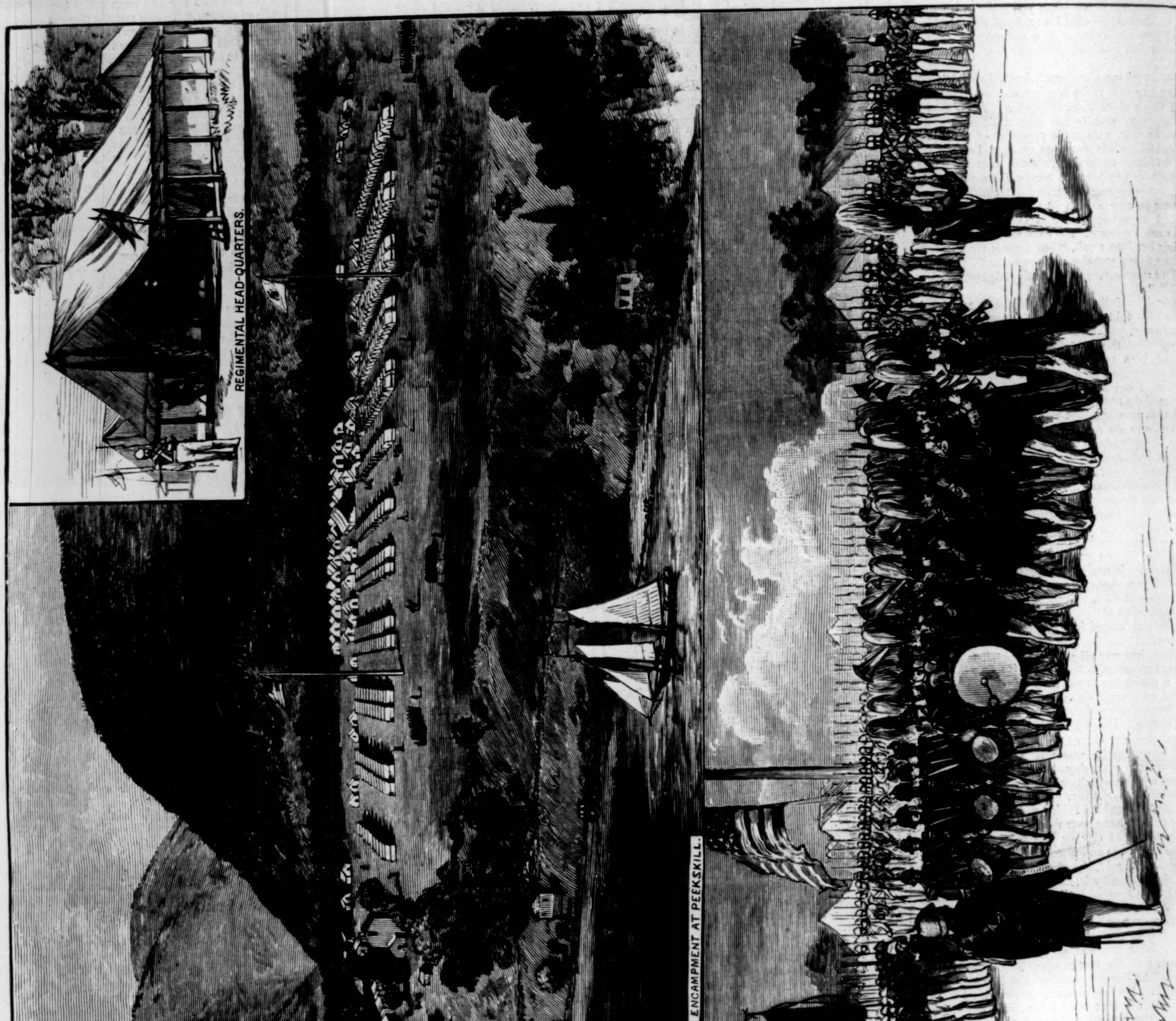
A detailed analysis of the manner in which this road is operated, and the incidental mechanical devices, would confuse rather than aid the unscientific reader. He would probably know less about it than he did before. So only a broad outline is given of the minute and elaborate explanation of Mr. Hughes, who seems to have swallowed a dictionary on applied electricity.

The electricity which runs the locomotive is generated in the laboratory, and fed to the tracks by wires. As the tracks are conductors, the electricity runs over the entire length. It is taken up by the wheels of the locomotive, conveyed from them by metal brushes on to the conductors leading to the driver's house, and from this led again by conductors to other brushes, which are magnetized from a magnetic field fed by a shunt or branch of the current. These brushes are placed near and on either side of an armature in the forward part of the locomotive. The brushes on one side being magnetized, naturally attract the armature in that direction, but as the armature is fixed on an axle, it, instead of moving toward the brushes, has to revolve in their direction. Let the other brushes on the other side be magnetized, and the armature revolves in the opposite direction. Thus forward and backward motion can be produced.

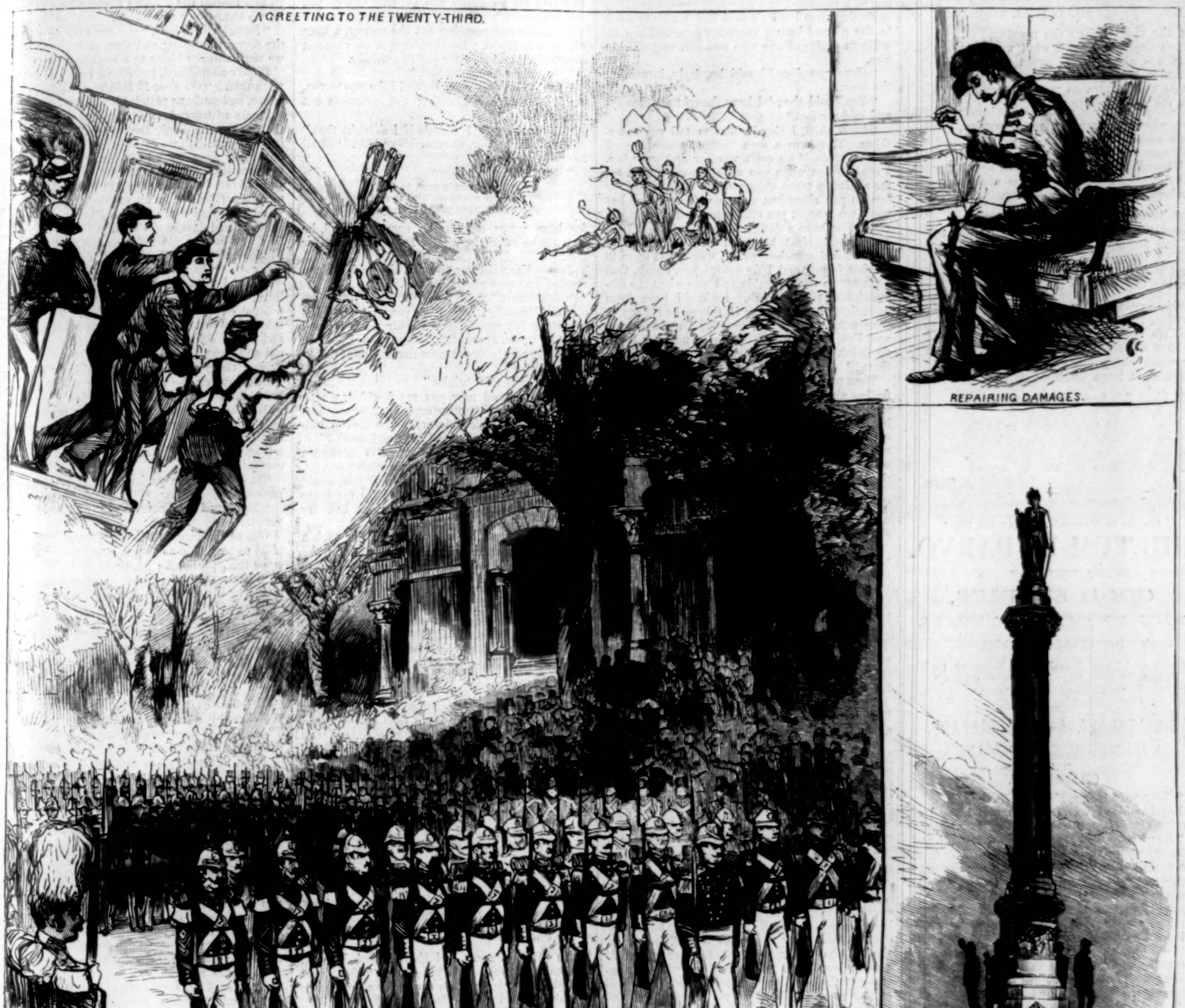
Mr. C. L. Clarke, who has written on the electric railroad, claims a number of advantages for it. The mechanism of the locomotive is very simple, and requires but one man of ordinary intelligence for driving and attendance. The dynamos from which the electricity is fed to the tracks are stationed at distances of ten miles. From these central stations the signals and switches can be worked automatically, power can be furnished to the brakes, and light for the cars and night signals. Where there are heavy grades the locomotive by a mechanical device is firmly clasped to the rails, so that all the power is exerted in drawing the cars. Where, as on large plantations, there are long tramways, and steam locomotives can not be used on account of sparks, no such objection can be urged against the electric locomotive, while it is also evident that were it used on elevated roads the absence of steam, smoke, and cinders would be pleasant not only to the passengers, but to people living along the line.

It is also more economical to run an electric road than to run a steam road, the gain being principally in a saving of fuel, while there is also less loss by friction, and consequently a gain in power.

When asked concerning the speed at which an electric railroad might be run, Mr. Hughes remarked, lightly, that an electrician did not think much of two hundred miles an hour.



THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT IN THE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION, PEEKSKILL.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 448.]



THE VISIT OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT TO BUFFALO.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 443.]

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

Oh, the night before the mowing,
When the warm south wind was blowing,
It was pleasant and sweet to pass
Ankle-deep through flowers and grass—
Grass and flowers so proudly blowing
On the night before the mowing.

But when next my feet went straying,
Men were busy with the haying;
I saw the sharp scythe swiftly pass
Through nodding flowers and blowing grass,
Till blowing grass and flowers were lying
Underneath the hot sun—dying.

But 'twas not long ere sweet content
Filled the meadow with wondrous scent;
And flowers and grass, as bleaching hay,
Had learned the meaning of the May,
And *why* they were so proudly blowing
On the night before the mowing.

Maiden, unto woman growing,
Maiden, with the loose hair flowing,
With eyes blue as the skies above,
Face as fair as the rose of love,
Crowned with youth and joy and beauty,
Thou shalt learn diviner duty.

Oft when life has fairest showing
It is ready for the mowing;
Then should trouble, pain or strife
Lay the blade to thy young life,
Do not fear; on some sweet morrow
Thou shalt learn the *why* of sorrow.

MARY A. BARR.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "HARD CASH," "PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE," "FOUL PLAY," "GRIFFITH GAUNT," "THE WOMAN-HATER," ETC.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

"HOLD your tongue!" roared the culprit.

But her blood was fairly up, and instead of flinching from him, she came at him like a lioness.

"No: I have held my tongue long enough, and screened your faults, and hid my trouble from the world. What right have such men as you to marry and get children that they hate and would beggar if they could, as well as their miserable wives?" She put her hand suddenly to her forehead as a keen pain shot through it. "He will drive me wild. If you are a sister of mine, take him out of my sight." She stamped her foot on the ground, and her eyes flashed. "D'ye hear? Take him out of my sight before my heart bursts my bosom, and I curse the hour I ever saw him."

Deborah had bundled him into the parlor before this climax came, and she now got him out of sight altogether, saying, "Come, Jemmy. 'A wise man never faces an angry woman.'"

As for Sarah, she sank down upon a seat, languid and limp; and after the thunder the rain.

Pinder, with instinctive good-breeding, had turned to go. But now he couldn't. The woman he had always loved, and who had given him so much pain, sat quietly weeping, as one who could no longer struggle. He looked at her, and, to use the expressive words of Scripture, his bowels yearned over her. He did not know what he could say to do her any good, yet he couldn't go without trying. He said, gently, "Don't despair; while there's life there's hope."

She shook her head sadly, and said, gently, "There's none for me now."

"Oh yes; if that Varney could be got out of the way, *he* would listen to reason. He is the wicked one; your man is only weak."

"Where's the odds if they do the same thing? But it is very good of you to make excuses for him."

She then took out a white pocket-handkerchief and meekly dried her eyes; then she stood up and said, in a grave, thoughtful way, which he recognized as her old manner, "Let me look at you."

She took a step toward him, but he did not move toward her. On the contrary, he stood there and fidgeted, and when she looked full at him he hung down his head a little.

"Nay, look at me," said she; "you have done naught to be ashamed of."

Being so challenged, he did look at her, but not so full as she did at him. It was a peculiarity of this woman that she could gaze into a man's face without either seeming bold or feeling ashamed. She never took her eye off Pinder's face during the whole dialogue which follows. Said she, slowly and thoughtfully, and her eye perusing him all the time: "You must be a very good young man. Years ago you courted me honorably, and I was barely civil to *you*."

Pinder said, gently, "You never deceived me."

"No, but I never valued you. Now that I am older, I have noticed that for a woman to refuse a man makes him as bitter as gall. Dear heart, do but wound his vanity, and his love, such as 'tis, turns to spite directly; but instead of that you have always spoken respectful of me, for it has come round to my ears; and you have held aloof from me, and that was wise and proper, till you saw I was in trouble, and then you came to me to do me a good turn in the right way through my unfortunate husband. You are one of a thousand, and may God reward you!"

By this time Pinder's eyes had gradually sunk to the ground before the calm gaze and the intelligent praise of one who was still very dear to him.

"Have you done?" said he, dryly, inspecting the floor.

"Yes," said she; "I have thought my thought and said my say."

"Well, then, I should like to tell you something. It makes a man better to love a good woman, even if he can't win her and wear her. I studied you when you were a maid, and it set me against a many vulgar vices. I have had my eye on you since you were a wife, and that has made me respect you still more, and respect virtue. You have a dangerous enemy in that Dick Varney. Against him you want a friend. I seem to feel somehow as if I was called upon to be that friend, and I do assure you, Sarah, that I am not so unreasonable as I was when the disappointment was fresh. I should have been downright happy to-day if things had gone to your mind. After all, the day isn't over yet, and I've struck work. Is there nothing I can do Drink and Dick Varney can't spoil, confound them?"

Thus urged, and being beset with troubles, and feeling already the rare comfort and support of a male friend, she confessed she had another trouble—a small one comparatively, but not a small one on the top of the others. She was being robbed. She told him all about it, and with a workman's quickness he asked to see the lock of the till.

He examined this closely, and detected at once, by abrasions in the metal, that it had been opened with a picklock, not a key. He told her so, and she said she was none the wiser.

"I am, though," said he. "It shows that nobody in the house has done it. It's professional. I should not wonder if this was Varney and all. Why, he's an old hand at this game, and has been in trouble for no other thing. Does he ever come into your shop?"

"He may. I don't know him by sight."

Pinder reflected. "James Mansell tells him everything, you may be sure, and it's just like the scoundrel to steal in here and rob the wife at home, and ruin the husband abroad."

Then he thought again, and presently slapped his thigh with satisfaction, for he thought he saw a way to turn all this to profit.

"If we can only catch that Varney, and give him five years penal—it won't be less, being an old offender—Mansell will lose his tempter, and then he'll listen to you and me, strike drink, go in for work, and be a much happier man, and you a happy woman."

"Oh, these are comforting words!" said poor Sarah. "But how am I to catch the villain?"

"Others must do that. You go to the police station, see the Superintendent, and make your complaint. I'll come after you, and talk to Mr. Steele, the detective; he is a friend of mine, and we will soon know all about it. A drunken thief is as leaky as the rest. But you must keep your own counsel; your sister has a good heart, but she is a chatterbox, and out every evening in half a dozen houses. I don't like to go with you because of the blood on my clothes; but if you will start at once, I will change my coat and join you at the station, and bring you back."

Sarah carried out these instructions with her usual fidelity. She ascertained that her husband was lying fast asleep upon the bed; she put on her shawl and bonnet, confided Lucy and the shop to Deborah, and when the latter asked where she was going, said, dryly, "There and back." With that she vanished.

"There, now," said Deborah, "I owe that to you, Mr. Pinder."

"How so?"

"When they have got a nice young man to tell their minds to, they don't waste words on a sister."

"Well, you needn't grudge me," said he. "It's five years since she spoke a word to me." So then he retired in his turn, and Deborah had only the customers and little Lucy to talk to.

The customers of this little shop, accustomed to the grave, modest Sarah, must have been a little surprised at the humors of her substitute.

The first to be astonished was a gamekeeper. He came in spruce, in velveteen jacket and leathern gaiters, from the country. He stared at Deborah, none the less that she happened just then to be whistling a poacher's song.

"Why, where's the mistress?" said he.

"Gone after the master."

"And where's the master?"

"Gone before the mistress."

"I want a pound o' powder."

"Well, money will buy it. What powder? Emery powder, putty powder, violet powder?"

"No, gunpowder, to be sure."

Deborah recoiled. "I wouldn't touch it for a pension."

The gamekeeper laughed. "Well," said he, "you are a pretty shop-woman."

"Oh, sir," said Deborah, coquettishly, "and I'm sure you are a beautiful gamekeeper."

He took a considerable time to comprehend this retort; when he had mastered the difficulty, he said, "Well, let us trade. You'll beat me at talk. Powder isn't loose; it's in a canister."

"Oh," said Deborah, "you seem to know all about it. Where does she keep it?"

"Why, there 'tis, right under your nose."

"Well, I can't see with my nose, can I?"

She took it and put it rather gingerly on the counter. "Now before it goes off and sends us all to Heaven or Somewhere, what is the price of it, if you please?"

"Oh, the seller sets the price," said he.

"All right," said she. "Ten shillings! See what a lot you can kill with it."

"The mistress always makes it half a crown."

"Ay," said Deborah, "she is a hard woman. You give me a shilling, and I'll only charge you eighteenpence."

While he was counting out the money, a keen whistle was heard. Deborah's quick ears caught it directly. "Is that for you?" said she.

"No; more likely for you."

"All the better. Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," said she, directing the invitation out into the street.

"I'd step out and whistle if I thought that," said the gamekeeper, showing his whistle. "Shall I try?"

"Why not?

'It's a man's part to try,
And a woman's to deny,
And now you'd better fly,'

for here comes our family sponge. Well, he does shake off liquor quick, I must say that for him."

James Mansell came through the parlor, clean washed and very neatly dressed.

"Mrs. Smart," said he, civilly.

"Mr. Mansell, I hope I see you well, sir. It's you for quick recoveries. Bloody noses is good for the brain, apparently," suggested Deborah, "likewise a little repose after the fatigue of drinking and fighting."

"I did take forty winks."

"Well, sir, and now you are fortified, what's the next order? Another cup of coffee, warranted to contain a little chiccory, and a deal of bullock's liver, acorns, burned rags, and muck?"

"No; after this last experience I've foresworn all liquids except juicy meat and rotten potatoes. And I should feel greatly obliged if you would prepare me a nice hot steak, and fry me some onions nice and brown, as you alone can fry them."

"It is the least any woman can do for such a civil-spoken gentleman," said Deborah, and she dived at once into her kitchen, telling him to mind the shop. She little thought that his great object was to get rid of her.

He watched her out, and then went to the shop door and looked out. It was Varney's whistle that had drawn him, and that worthy was waiting, and upon Mansell's invitation came cautiously in. Never was thief more plainly marked on a human being. His little, lank, wriggling body reminded one of a weasel, and his eyebrows seemed to spring from his temples, and meet on the bridge of his nose. The eyes thus framed could not keep still a moment. They were like a hare's ears, in constant alarm. Between this man and Mansell an eager dialogue took place, rapid and low, which nobody heard but themselves. But any one who saw the speakers would feel sure those two were plotting some vile thing.

Something or other was definitely settled, even in that short time, and then Varney, who was ill at ease in that place, invited Mansell to turn out at once.

Mansell objected that he was famished, and dinner was being prepared.

"No, no," said the other; "I won't stay here. You follow me to Buck's dining-room; and mind, no more liquor for me to-day. It will be a ticklish job."

He wriggled away, and Mansell took his hat, and called down the kitchen stairs: "Mrs. Smart—Deborah—please come up here, and attend to the shop. I'm wanted for a job."

Deborah raised no objection, but she resolved on the spot that the steak she had twice prepared for a fool should now be eaten by a rational being, and to make quite sure of this she would eat it herself. So she put a little cloth on a tray, with the steak and two potatoes, and ran up with it all, and put this savory supper on the flap, and had just made her first incision, when in came one of the little mites I have referred to, intelligible to Sarah alone. The mite rapped the counter with a penny. Deborah left her steak and faced him.

"What can I serve you, sir?"

The mite hammered the counter with his copper.

"Oh yes," said Deborah, "I see what I am to have out of you; but what are *you* to have for all that money?" Then she leaned over the child. "Is it baccy? Is it soap? It should be soap if I was your mother, you little pig. You won't tell me, eh? It's a dead secret. Let's try another way!" And she put down the likeliest articles one after another. "There! a penn'orth o' baccy for father; a penn'orth o' soap; a penn'orth o' lollipops." The child grabbed the lollipops in a moment and left the copper, and Deborah dashed back to her steak, muttering, "Sally would have known what he wanted by the color of his hair."

There was a run on the shop. For every three mouthfuls of steak, a penny customer. Deborah dispatched them how she could, then dashed back to her steak—in vain: it was an endless *va et vient*. The last was a sturdy little boy who came and banged down a penny, and in a wonderful bass voice for his size cried, "Bull's-eyes." Deborah, in imitation of his style, banged down a ready pennyworth of bull's-eyes, then banged the penny into an iron basin, then dashed back and hacked away at her steak. "Oh dear!" said she, "I wish a shilling would come in, and then a lull, instead of this continual torrent of fiery, untamed farthing pieces." She hadn't half finished her steak when Mrs. Mansell and Pinder came home.

"How is he now?" was Sarah's first word.

"Sober as a judge, and gone out for a job; and if it is all the same to everybody, I ask just ten minutes' peace to eat my supper." Then Deborah caught up the tray and fled into the kitchen.

She had not gone long when a detective in plain clothes looked in, and said in a low voice there was news. A female detective had been put on to Varney with rare success. She had listened in the bar of an eating-house, and had picked up the whole story. The kitchen was deserted every night. The servant was out gallivanting. Varney had come in through the kitchen and robbed the till, and to-night he was going to rob the safe or something.

"Now," said Steele, "get my men in without the servant knowing, and then send her out, and we shall nab the bloke to a certainty."

Pinder acquiesced, but Sarah began to exhibit weakness. "Oh dear!" said she, "thieves and police, and perhaps pistols!"

Steele whispered to Pinder, "Get her out of the way, or she'll spill the treacle." Pinder persuaded her to go into James's room with the child until they should send for her. She consented very readily. Then Steele let in a policeman, and hid him behind a screen in the parlor. Two more were hidden in an empty house opposite, watching every move. Then Pinder put up the shutters and darkened the shop. Now the question was how to get Deborah out of the house. Pinder had to go and ask Sarah if she could manage that. "In a minute," said she. She came down, and went into the kitchen with ten shillings, and told Deborah she should have her printed gown in spite of them all. Then Deborah was keen to get out before the shops closed, and in due course the confederates heard her go out and bang the kitchen door.

Now there was no saying positively whether Varney was on the watch or not; and if he was, he might make his attempt in a few minutes, or wait an hour or two. And as he was an old hand, he would probably look all round the house to see if there was danger. Every light had to be put out, and the shutters drawn, and the screen carefully placed.

They closed the parlor door, and hid in the parlor.

"But how is my man to get in?" Sarah whispered.

One of the black, undistinguishable figures replied to her, "Easy enough, only I hope he won't come this two hours; he would spoil all."

"Not come to his supper! Then that will be a sign he is not sober. I'm all of a tremble."

"Hush!"

"What? Thieves!"

"No; but pray don't talk. He'll come in like a cat, you may be sure. Hark!"

"What is it?"

"The kitchen window," whispered Steele.

Now Sarah was silent, but panted audibly in the darkness.

By-and-by a step was heard on the stairs. Then silence—another creaking step. The watchers huddled behind the screen.

What now took place they could only divine in part.

But I will describe it from the other side of the parlor door.

A man opened the kitchen door softly, and stepped in lightly and noiselessly as a cat.

He had a dark-lantern, and flashed it one half-moment to show him the place. In that moment was revealed a face with a very small black mask. Small as it was, it effectually disguised the man, and made his eyes look terrible with the excitement of crime. He opened the parlor door, flashed his light in for a moment, then closed the door. That was a trying moment to the watchers. They feared he would examine the room.

Then the man stepped softly to the kitchen door, opened it, and whispered, "Coast clear; come on." Another man came in on tiptoe. The first comer handed him the light.

"No," whispered the other, "you hold the light. Give me the key."

Then the first comer opened the bull's-eye direct on the safe, and gave the second man a bright new key, evidently forged for this job. The safe was opened by the second man. He looked, and uttered an ejaculation of surprise. Then he plunged his hands in, and there was a musical clatter that was heard and understood in the next room, and the watchers stole out softly.

"Here's a haul!" cried the man. "Come and reckon 'em on the counter. Why, there's more than fifty, I know." He put them down in a heap on the counter, and instantly the parlor door opened, and a powerful bull's-eye shot its light upon the glittering coin. The man stood dumfounded. The other with a yell dashed at the kitchen door, tore it open, and received the fire of another bull's-eye from the foot of the stairs. He staggered back, and in a moment was at the shop door, and opened it; the key was in it, that James might be admitted if he came. Another bull's-eye met him there, held by a policeman, who stepped in, and bade his mate remain outside.

The shop was now well lighted with all these vivid gleams, concentrated on the stolen gold, and every now and then played upon the masked faces and ghastly cheeks and glittering eyes of the burglars.

Steele surveyed his trapped vermin grimly for a moment or two. He felt escape was impossible.

"Now, Dick Varney," said he, "you are wanted. Handcuff him." The smaller figure made no resistance. "Now who's your pal? Don't know him by his cut. Come, my man, off with that mask, and show us your ugly mug." He was going to help him off with it; but the man caught up a knife that Deborah had left on the counter.

"Touch me if you dare!"

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" said Steele, sternly. "Draw staves, men. Now don't you try that game with me, my bloke. Fling down that knife, and respect the law, or you'll bite on that floor with your skull split open." The man flung the knife down savagely. "And now who are you?"

The man tore his mask off with a snarl of rage.

"I'M THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE!"

He rang these words out like a trumpet. A faint moan was heard in the parlor.

"Gammon!" said Steele, contemptuously.

"Ask Dick Varney, ask Joe Pinder there," said the man. "Ask anybody."

"Ask nobody but me," said the miserable wife,

coming suddenly forward. "He is my husband, sir, and God help me!"

"D'ye hear?" cried the raging villain, mortified to the core, yet exultant in his revenge. "This house is *mine*—this shop is *mine*—that woman is *mine*—and this money is *mine*." He clutched the gold, and put it insolently into his breeches pockets. "Take your hand off that man, Bobby."

"Not likely," said Steele. "A thief caught in the act."

"A thief! Why, he is my servant, doing my business, under my orders—*one* of my servants. My wife there—she's my servant in law—collared my money and hid it away; I ordered another of my servants to open the safe and get me back my own. He's here by my authority."

"Why were you in masks, my bold blackguard?" asked Steele.

"Oh, pray don't anger him, sir," said poor Sarah. "Yes, James, you are the master. It was all a mistake; we had no idea— Oh!" She tottered, and put her hand to her brow.

Steele helped her to a chair. So small an incident did not interrupt her master's eloquence. "Respect the law, says you? Pretty limbs of the law you are, that don't know the law of husband and wife."

Long before this Steele had seen plainly enough that he was in the wrong box. "We know the law well enough," said he, dejectedly. "It's a little one-sided, but it's the law. Come, men, loose that vagabond."

"He shall bring an action for false imprisonment."

"No, he won't."

"Why not? He has got the law on his side."

"And we have got his little mask, and his little antecedents, on ours."

Varney whipped out of the place, and at the same time Deborah opened the kitchen door and stood aghast.

"Come, men," said Steele, "clear out; we are only making mischief between man and wife, and she'll be the sufferer, poor thing."

"No," said James Mansell, authoritatively. "I'm the master, and since you have heard one story, I'll trouble you to stay and hear the other. I'm the one that is being robbed—of my money, and my wife's affections, and my good name."

"Oh, James!" gasped Sarah, "pray don't say so. Don't think so for a moment."

He ignored her entirely; never looked at her; but went on to the detective: "My wife here hid my money away from me."

"To pay my master's rent, and make his child a lady," put in Sarah.

"And now she and her old sweetheart there—"

"Sweetheart! I never had but thee."

"They have put the mark of a thief on me in this town. So be it. I leave it forever. I'm off to America."

He marched to the street door, then turned to shoot his last dart. "*With my money*," and he slapped his pockets, "and *my* liberty," and he waved his hat.

"But I'll have your life," hissed Pinder, and strode at him, with murder in his eyes.

But Sarah Mansell, who sat there crushed, and seemed scarcely sensible, bounded to her feet in a moment, and seized Pinder with incredible vigor.

"Touch him if you dare!" cried she.

And would you believe it, males, she had no sooner stopped him effectually than she turned weaker than ever, and sank all limp against the man she had seized with a clutch of steel. Then he had nothing to do but support her faint head against his manly breast, and so, arrested by woman's vigor, which is strong for a moment, and conquered by woman's weakness, which is invincible, he half led, half lifted her tenderly back to her seat. This defense of her insulter was the last feat that day of unconquerable love.

The policemen went out softly, and cast looks of manly pity behind them.

Soon after the stunning blow came the agony of an outraged, deserted, and still loving wife. But Deborah rushed in with Lucy in her arms, and forced the mother to embrace her child, then wreathed her long arms round them both, and they, being country bred, rocked and sobbed together. Honest Joe Pinder set his face to the wall, but there his concealment ended; he blubbered aloud with all his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE INNER LIFE.

A CHINESE ambassador and a missionary to China once met in London. They were well acquainted, and the Chinese asked his friend: "Which do you think the better country, China or England? You are familiar with both." After some reflection the missionary replied, "England." "But I mean from a moral point of view," said the Chinese. Again, after a long hesitation, the missionary said, "England." The Chinese rose in agitation and astonishment, strode round the room, and exclaimed, "And yet England forces us to take her opium!" He would have found little satisfaction in America. We drive away Chinese trade and Chinese labor, and adopt the principle of exclusiveness. The Chinese philosopher said, "Do nothing to another you would not have done to yourself." And Chinese thinkers may well ask which is the Christian land, and which the pagan. But however we may shrink from the Chinese millions, their history is becoming every day more than ever a theme of strange and singular interest.

The Chinese annals reach far back beyond those of Europe. They paint to us a nation that was civilized and great before Moses led his Israelites over the plain of Zoan; whose empire reached from Tartary to Siam, from the Pacific to Thibet, when Hannibal marched into Italy; whose people numbered a hundred millions when Rome ruled under Augustus. The Chinese drove the Tartars and Huns to make their savage inroads into Roman civilization. The Roman Empire fell, the Chinese flourished unchanged. Europe sank into barbarism. China still retained its free schools, its literature, its fine roads, bridges, canals, and splendid cities. Its philosophers still taught their lessons of benevolence, and its people were clothed in silk and furs, when our ancestors were barbarous Gauls and Germans, the children of the forest. The Tartar conquest under Kublai Khan only served to extend and fortify the wonderful empire. The schools were busy, the examinations went on, the great canal was opened, the great wall still existed, the roads were fine, the cities magnificent, when Marco Polo brought the first clear account of China to the Italian republic. Before that time China had been to Europe a dim Oriental mystery, an Eastern land of fable and of unreality.

Still we know little of China. Its inner life is almost a secret to us. But it is plain that China has long been outstripped in the arts of civilization by the European races, and that some secret defect has checked the growth of its inventive power. Recent researches into its literature and religion have almost revealed the mystery of its decay. A dull conservatism weighs down the inner life of China. Confucianism, the faith of the learned, is a worship of the dead past. The only object of worship to the Chinese is an underworld of spirits. Confucius taught the form of ancestral adoration, the worship of ancestral tablets; the followers of Lâo enlarged the conception. Every year the Chinese assemble around the tombs of their ancestors with prayers, offerings, and adoration; the dead are supposed to arise, and the whole family, to the most distant generation, is once more united. It was once the custom for some one of the living relatives to assume the form and figure of a dead ancestor, and receive the honors and homage due to him alone. Every month the worship is renewed. But it is scarcely a worship of love. The spirits of the dead are supposed to be malicious and dangerous, and unless due honors are paid to their memories, will inflict some injury upon their unlucky descendants. To depart from the teachings and customs of his ancestors would be to the superstitious Chinese a sure omen of misfortune.

In politics the Chinese thinkers are even more intensely conservative than in religion. They are the slaves of an unchanging despotism. The Son of Heaven rules by divine right; the notion of popular rule would be to the learned Chinaman a dream of madness. Literature in China only repeats the past. The highest political aspiration of Confucius was to revive the golden age of the Emperor Yu; of Mencecis, to abolish even writing and books. The Chinese have a fear of railways, steamboats, telegraphs, free thought, and progress, that only yields to the touch of necessity. Yet we may remember that a Pope in 1840 excommunicated railways and gas-works, and that even many American citizens still linger in the depths of Bourbonism. China may yet move, and is perhaps already moving. It possesses in its public schools one of the surest instruments of progress. An intelligent minister of education might awaken a new current in Chinese thought. Many excellent traits the Chinese already possess. As our new States spring up flourishing and active along the Pacific, they see on the opposite shore the hundreds of millions of the venerable empire looking to them for instruction. Let us answer practically the question of the Chinese ambassador, and prove which is "the better."

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE SEVENTH AT BUFFALO.

ON page 441 our artist portrays some of the incidents of the recent visit of the Seventh Regiment to Buffalo, whither it departed on the 3d inst., to participate in the ceremonies and festivities attendant upon the celebration of the semi-centennial of that beautiful and thriving city.

The regiment turned out about five hundred strong, with a band of fifty-five pieces, sixteen buglers, and a drum corps of twenty. The men were in high spirits in anticipation of a delightful time, in which they were not disappointed. Fourteen cars were provided for their accommodation. The train left the Grand Central Dépôt about seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Niagara Falls at nine in the evening. The village was handsomely decorated in honor of the regiment, and a large delegation from Buffalo was on hand to welcome the visitors.

The ceremonies of the following day attracted thousands of people to the city. The procession, which was several miles long, started about eleven o'clock in the morning, the Seventh being accorded the right of the line. Main Street was densely crowded the entire length of the route, and as the Seventh marched up the line they were greeted with uproarious cheers, which were more than well deserved. The home regiments followed next in line, and were succeeded by the Detroit City Cadets and the Titusville Corps, who received hearty applause. After the military came the Grand Army of the Republic, the Masons, then the Odd-Fellows, the Select Legion of the American Order of United Workmen, and other secret societies. These in their turn were followed by the city fathers in carriages, distinguished visitors from other cities, the Fire Department, trade organizations, and a display of the industrial trades. Nearly all the leading firms in the city were represented, some having as many as twenty wagons in the line of march.

At the close of the procession the corner-stone of the Soldiers' Monument was laid with Masonic honors, but a heavy rain sent most of the people in a hurry to look for shelter. Fortunately, the storm subsided in the afternoon, and the Seventh, after partaking of a generous lunch, formed for a dress parade, which was witnessed with enthusiasm by many thousands of people. Altogether the excursion was a delightful affair, and will long be remembered with pleasure by the Seventh and the citizens of Buffalo.

IN THE GARDEN.

DID you see him, ye roses, ye lilies,
  My love who was with me to-day?
When he leaves me the sunshine goes with him,
  And twilight falls gloomy and gray.
Ah! which, do you think, of the many
  Whose step echoed loud through my hall,
Has stolen the heart of its mistress,
  And captured the queen of the ball?

'Twas never the statesman, my lilies,
  So wealthy and wicked and old;
I had never a smile for the soldier,
  So proud with his buttons of gold.
We are something alike, O ye blossoms,
  We toil not, nor yet do we spin,
But the radiant hue of our garments
  Pronounces us certainly kin.

But ye, O my lilies, are spotless;
  Although ye are born of the sod,
The painters of old found you worthy
  The hand of the Mother of God.
But I was so weary and restless,
  I sought for that wonderful light,
The glory of love that should lead me
  Till faith might be lost in sight;

When I won me a true heart, O lilies,
  As pure as this world ever knows,
And my cheek while it rested there gathered
  The passionate flush of the rose.
And helpless and useless, O lilies,
  Perhaps with this strong hand in mine,
I may win in the years that are coming
  A radiance like unto thine.

IN CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.

BROOKLYN'S favorite boys in gray, the gallant Twenty-third, under the lead of their popular Colonel, RODNEY C. WARD, once again covered themselves with glory, on the occasion of their recent visit to Peekskill, where they spent a week in field service at the State Camp of Instruction. The march from the armory to the boat was one continuous ovation. Many private residences and other buildings were gayly decorated, and thousands of citizens gathered along the route to cheer the soldierly regiment on its way to Jewell's Wharf.

The sail up the Hudson on the steamer *Columbia* was a delightful one, and in a few hours the boys were in sight of camp, which was admirably located on a bluff overlooking the river. A more perfect military picture could not be imagined than was this scene after the storm had passed away that night and the bright moon had lighted up the camp. The white tents gleamed like so many artistically cut and tastefully arranged blocks of marble. The tops of the surrounding mountains were bathed in a brilliant light, while the river, nestling at the foot of the bluff, stretched away like a cable of molten silver, dancing and sparkling on its way to the sea.

The work performed daily by the troops was laid down in orders by the Adjutant-General. Reveille was sounded at five o'clock, and half an hour later each man was served with a pint of coffee and a slice of bread. A company drill of an hour succeeded, followed by breakfast. Guard mounting was set down for half past eight, and from half past nine to half past eleven o'clock was assigned to a two hours' drill by battalion. Then came dinner at half past twelve, the afternoon being given up to the men, to employ as they chose, up to seven o'clock, when the "assembly" sounded for dress parade. "Tattoo" was beat at half past nine, when the company rolls were called, and at half past ten "taps" called for the putting out of lights in quarters. This gave four hours of drill and about an hour of ceremonies—a by no means onerous tax upon the time and strength of the men. The movements executed in the company and battalion drills were also prescribed in orders, so that a uniform system of instruction was assured.

The severe discipline of the drill service was relieved by amusements of various kinds, in which the men joined heartily. Between work and play, the disagreeable rain of the earlier days and other mishaps more or less serious were almost forgotten, and altogether the regiment may be said to have had a good time.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Boston *Journal* has a society item to the effect that two young gentlemen well known on Beacon Hill recently fought four rounds with hard gloves in a private room. It was not decided which young gentleman was the more scientific hitter, for, after the combat had lasted thirty-five minutes, a false cry that the police were coming was raised, and the next round was not begun. Outside of the circle in which these Beacon Hill young gentlemen move it may be necessary to explain that hard gloves, in the language of the prize-ring, are any gloves except boxing-gloves—for instance, those made of kid or thread. They are used to evade the law against fighting with the bare fists.

An eminent aurist of Boston says that the frequent use of the telephone causes deafness in the ear to which the instrument is held. Persons who do a good deal of telephonic communicating, he says, should hold the instrument to the right and to the left ear alternately. There would seem to be no reason, however, why each individual should not decide for himself what is the wisest economy. While one might wish to have both ears deafened in the same degree, another might prefer to keep one ear in its normal condition, and subject only one to telephonic wear and tear. Still another person might think it best to keep one ear in use for telephonic purposes until a certain degree of deafness should be reached, and then put it under the treatment of an aurist, using the other ear meanwhile. If it is true that the telephone produces deafness, a great question is raised, which is not to be settled in the beginning even by an eminent Boston aurist. It may be added in this connection that the frequent use of the telephone certainly produces hoarseness in all beginners. The remedy is to remember that the wire will assist in conveying the sound if it only has a chance.

A Georgia farmer has raised a potato that measures fourteen and a half inches in circumference one way, and eleven and a half inches the other. It is not stated how he will invest his money after he has sold his potato.

It is said that the wheels of a carriage that was presented to President Pierce by Bostonians are now used on a watering-cart in a New Hampshire city.

Some enterprising boys in Louisville, Kentucky, have taken possession of a coal-house in an alley, and are manufacturing kites for sale. The prices of their kites range from three to five hatfuls of rags—a medium which can be easily converted into legal tender at the junk shops. One result of the establishing of this business is the depletion of the rag-bag in nearly every family in which there are urchins who have heard of the opportunities for making bargains.

In Madison, Georgia, a novel fight recently took place between a gander and a monster turtle. The battle was long and desperate, and just as the turtle had its antagonist by the neck, and was about completing its victory, a man re-enforced the enemy, and killed the reptile.

Miners sinking a shaft in an Oregon gold mine found two pieces of marble of the shape and size of the human head. The cutting had evidently been done with good tools, and it was conjectured that it was the partly finished work of an artist of some skill. The six feet of clay beneath which the heads were found showed no evidence of ever having been disturbed before. It rested on a bed of slate. Near the shaft is a bed of marble like that from which the heads were chiselled.

The first sea-serpent of the season is reported from Chelsea Beach, near Boston. Its head is like that of a large horse, and its body is about three hundred feet long. The strife begins well.

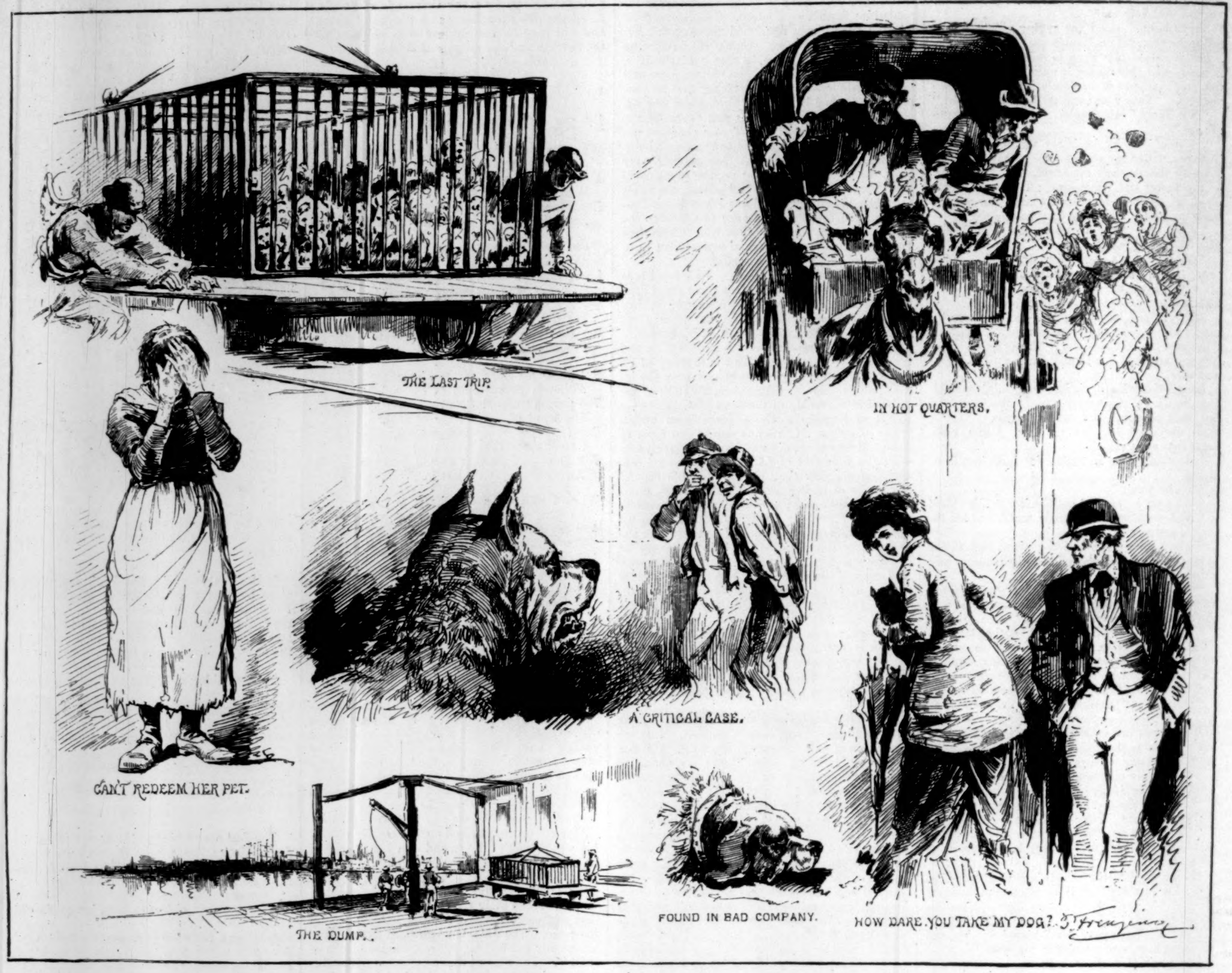
A Boston man claims to have invented a ship brake that is self-acting, and will bring a steamship under a full head of steam to a dead stop in from one to ten feet. He thinks it would be a good thing to depend upon in foggy weather, or on dark nights when steaming among icebergs.

A recent fishing exploit of the Duke of Edinburgh in Spain was the subject of an official dispatch from a British consul in that country. The diplomate's story is to the effect that a large fish got hold of the Duke's hook and hauled the royal angler into sixteen feet of water. "After struggling for half an hour," the account concludes, "he succeeded in reaching land." The most interesting part of the story is left untold, but the inference is that the fish got away.

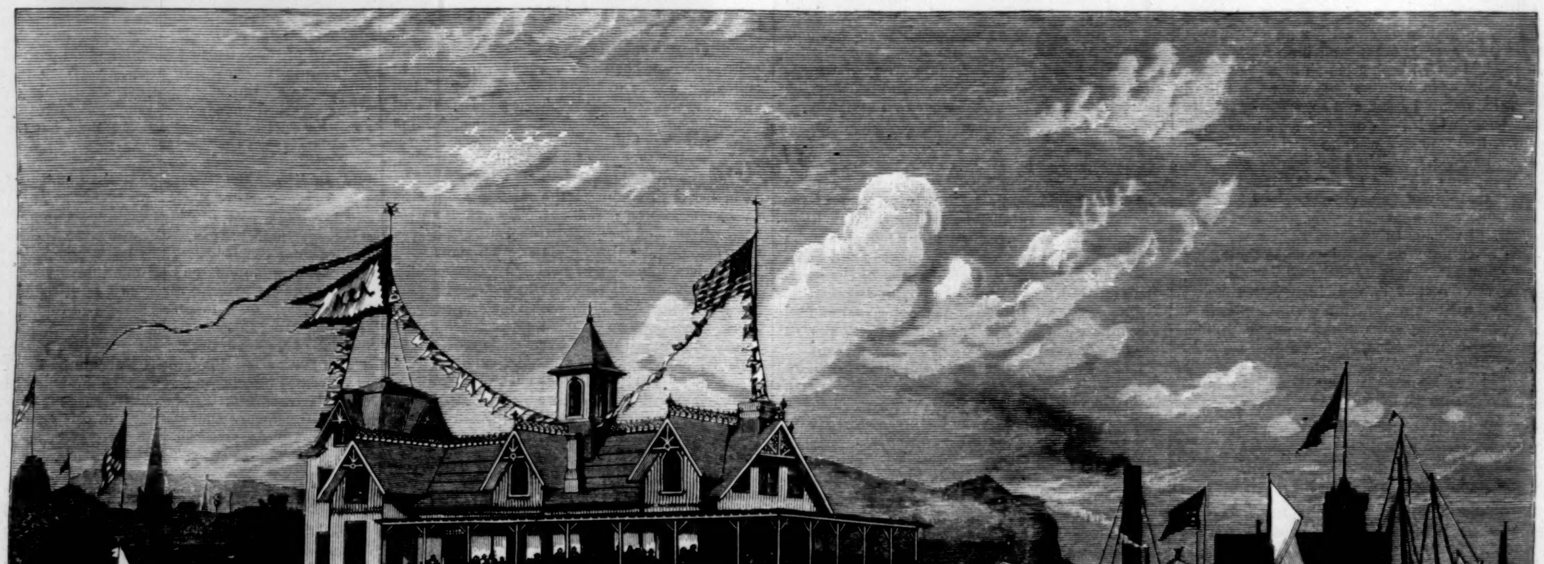
According to the Paris *Figaro*, the number of corpses taken out of the Seine at Paris averages five hundred a year, of which some two hundred, it is conjectured, are of persons who come to their death through violence. Paris has a population of about two millions, so that one in every four thousand is the average yearly loss by perishing in the river. Two thousand bodies have been taken out of the river within the metropolitan district of London during the past five years. Ten of these were declared by juries to be those of murdered persons, and some six hundred were classed as doubtful. London has about four million inhabitants, so that the ratio in this case is one to ten thousand—a showing largely in favor of London as between that city and Paris.

Writing from Washington, a correspondent says that the way to make an impression on a hotel clerk is to address him as Mr. Clark, and when he says that isn't his name, remark, "Beg pardon; but really, you know, we call them all that in England."

The London *Telegraph* has this to say in favor of women clerks: "They have not that genius for getting into debt which is an indication of superiority displayed by their male colleagues. No matter how closely they may restrict themselves to their work from ten to four, the clever, clear-headed, vigorous young girls who are government clerks are ready enough for society in the evening. They enter it with freshness of feeling, because they have honestly earned relaxation, and the fact that they are pecuniarily independent enables them to meet men frankly and on equal terms. Their very success in examination and in office life implies their quickness, brightness, and good health, and these are the qualifications that tell in a sweetheart and wife as well as in a Post-office clerk. The result is that they get married off with reasonable celerity, and thus the official field is kept clear by the weeding out of brides, who relinquish red tape for orange blossoms, new girls coming in to take their place. For those, however, who can not or will not marry the office duties provide a quiet, steady, and decorous career."



DOG-CATCHING IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 445.]



NEW BOAT-HOUSE OF THE NYACK ROWING ASSOCIATION.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson, from a Photograph by Van Wagner.—[See Page 445.]

THE DOG POUND.

No person of sensibility toward dogs should visit the "pound" where the canine vagrants of New York are confined previous to their execution by drowning. It is no doubt conducted with as much kindness toward the poor brutes as such a thing can be, but there is necessarily a great deal of suffering among the inmates. Food and water are supplied, it is true, but the weak ones are beaten off by the strong, and fail of getting their share, and there seems to be no way of remedying this condition of affairs except by giving each one a separate kennel, which is of course impossible.

It is said by those whose curiosity has led them to study the inmates of the dog pound that the poor creatures seem to have a presentiment of their coming fate the moment they are thrown in. Their appeals to be set free are really piteous. "The majority," says a reporter, "look up quietly into the face of every person who gazes into the 'condemned cell,' to see if it is their master or some one whom they know. Disappointment is the result in most instances; but the most friendly ones wag their tails cheerfully, and stare at visitors wistfully, as if asking them to take pity on the misfortunes of a poor stray dog, and take him out." Very few are claimed by their owners. The great majority end their few and evil days by drowning in the dumping cage, which is as merciful a way as can be devised for putting them to death.

On page 444 our artist depicts some of the pathetic and some of the humorous scenes and incidents connected with the catching and impounding of dogs in New York.

NEW BOAT-HOUSE AT NYACK.

As the traveller emerges from the shadows of the lofty Palisades of the Lower Hudson, and sails into the broad placid expanse of the Tappan Zee, a scene of great beauty spreads out before him. To the right lie Tarrytown and Irvington, and further north Sing Sing, shimmering in the summer sun.

Three miles across the bay to the west, and guarded by bold Hook Mountain, nestles among the Nyack hills, and slants to the water's edge, the fair village of Nyack, while on a point jutting into the bay is situated the subject of our picture—the boat-house of the Nyack Rowing Association.

The rise and progress of this society has been phenomenal. One year ago the project was broached by a few gentlemen interested in boating, and an association was soon founded. The idea was popular from the start. The leading residents joined the movement, and gave it weight and standing. Prominent New York bankers, business and professional men, whose hours for recreation are brief, caught the spirit of the movement. Under their liberal subscriptions and good administration, assisted by eighty-five enthusiastic members, all working in harmony, success was assured.

Their building, pronounced by experts the finest of its kind in this country, was designed by and built under the supervision of W. H. Smith, Esq., a member.

The dimensions of the building and approaches are as follows: gangway to house, 90 feet by 16; house, 90 by 34; gangway to float, 30 by 16; float, 25 by 25; boat-room, 60 by 34; also separate rooms for the president, secretary, trustees, lady visitors, a kitchen, and sleeping-room for janitor. The ball-room, 34 by 60, has two spacious fire-places, mantels, and mirrors complete, and, with the other upper rooms, is sheathed in hard wood. A novel and striking feature of this room is a ceiling of beautifully painted designs on canvas. In the centre is a dome in which hangs a twelve-lustre crystal chandelier of beautiful workmanship, and over each stained-glass door is a transparent painting of boats, yacht races, and nautical scenery in the vicinity. A spacious piazza surrounds this room on three sides, giving ample accommodation to the friends of the oarsmen, while viewing races or enjoying the cooling breezes from over the bay.

The building is supplied throughout with gas and fresh-water, and the oarsmen have ample boat, dressing, and bath rooms; in fact, it is a model boat-house.

Favored as they are by every facility, this association will, no doubt, soon take a prominent part in future boating events.

MASQUERADING IN EGYPT.

British Lion. "Don't forget that I am a *real* lion."
Arabi Pasha. "As long as you *act* like a donkey, I shall *treat* you as one."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Shaking Hands with Majesty.—The Czar and his Guards.—"Chirgwin, Esq.," of the Music Halls.—The Corruption of the "Stable."—Philosophic Parents.—Aristocratic Amusements.—A Baby "Rough."—Guests Unawares.—Zola's Gains.

A lady of high social—or at all events high civic—position has electrified court circles by shaking her Majesty's hand instead of kissing it. They would endeavor to persuade us that no such "world-cataclysm," as Carlyle would playfully have termed it, ever took place before; whereas it did so, under much more striking circumstances, at the end of the Ashantee war. The gallant aide-de-camp who brought the news home of the defeat of King Koffee brought also the royal umbrella, and he delivered it to the Queen in person. Some one else of course took the umbrella, which was of the size and shape called "gig," and when she held out her hand he naturally imagined it to be in welcome to his native land. Her Majesty took no notice of this terrible error, but the courtiers swooned. They have to swoon oftener than they would have us believe, and especially in the case of ladies, who, new to royalty, are apt to be flurried and thrown off their balance by finding themselves in its presence. The very courtesy that it imposes upon them is a difficult operation; it is not that sweeping inclination of the body which we see portrayed in the illustrated papers, but a little bob with one knee, exactly like the stumble of a cab horse, which has to be jerked up by the driver pretty quick, at the Drawing-room there are whole ranks of débutantes, and as they are "moved on" by the officials with some rapidity, it is no wonder that little mistakes occur through nervousness and alarm.

The melancholy incidents connected with the voluntary incarceration of the Russian Emperor have at last been relieved by a touch of humor. Shut in by no less than three walls in his palace prison at Gatschena, and surrounded by careful guards, who have orders to search every visitor, his Majesty, it seems, is still uneasy as to the safety of his sacred person. He accordingly resolved to test the efficiency of his own precautions, and to his horror succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his guards, and penetrating into his own privacy! One could hardly imagine a more comical situation than this should-have-been Nihilist engaged on his too successful enterprise. What a chance it would have been for a Russian sentinel with a sense of fun (supposing the existence of such an anomaly) to have recognized his master without revealing it, and put him to every inconvenience which suspicion could suggest! If one could bring one's self to write of a person of such exalted rank in a bantering strain, a very excellent farce might be produced upon this subject.

One of the highest positions, as it has often struck me, ever attained in literature was that of a novelist of the London *Journal*, whose professional services were made the subject of a Chancery case. He had withdrawn his pen from the columns of the *Journal*, induced by higher pay from the conductors of some other penny print, and his original proprietor, in despair at his defection, invoked the assistance of the law. He made an affidavit that the *Journal* could not get on without its favorite story-teller, and that his readers were deserting him. It must have been a proud moment for that novelist when the court decided against him, no matter how heavy were the costs. In the musical world a similar compliment has just been paid to a singer known in professional circles as "the white-eyed musical Kaffir." The propietor of one music hall has applied to a court of law to "restrain" the white-eyed one from accepting any engagement at another, and gained his suit. In the legal agreement the white-eyed appeared, of course, under an ordinary surname, if, at least, the name of Chirgwin can be classed in that category; but when they got to Christian names the white-eyed had "no information" to offer. He therefore figures throughout the document as "Chirgwin, Esq." Never was "Esquire" more wanted, for Chirgwin pure and simple would have been mistaken for a peer; yet somehow without the Christian name, or even an initial, it smacks of superfluity.

Two very eminent personages, a lord and a prince, have been disputing about the sale of certain racing stables. The agreement between them was verbal, and the version each gave of it was so very different that the judge was moved to make some very severe remarks about the want of accuracy in at least one of them. He was surprised to find that persons of such exalted positions could lie so. He forgot, however, as it seems to me, that the quarrel was about a racing stable. There is something in the atmosphere of a race-horse which engenders deception. He does not lie himself, but he is the cause of almost universal lying in other people. It is quite curious to note how men, the "soul of honor" in other things, will deceive you in the matter of horseflesh. For my part, I never sold a horse, for I never possessed one; but from what I have seen of horse-dealing among otherwise very honorable persons, I can imagine a condition of things in which Aristides might have fallen, and I myself have been exposed to some temptation.

I am not much of a climber. The Alpine Club

is the very last society, though charming in itself, I should ever aspire to join as an active member; and if I did get up to the top of anything rather high (such as the Righi), I dare say I should make the most of it. Still I should not date all the events for the remainder of my existence from that feat, or record it every year in the advertisement columns of the *Times*, like an *In Memoriam.* This is just the step, however, taken by some descendant (for she must have got down again) of the Couden; it appears in to-day's *Times:*

"*A Message from the Couden.*—The young lady who ascended the Couden in 1875 is earnestly requested to write a line to her parents, who are broken-hearted at her silence."

Their hearts, it seems, have been a long time breaking—no less than seven years; and though personal merit has little to do with attachment, their long-lost daughter can have effected nothing of much importance, since all that she can be identified by is her having ascended the Couden. Some people, of course, *coudent;* but it's not a great feat. Whatever the altitude of that mountain, they must have expected her down again before seven years; yet even now they don't expect to see her. She is only requested to write. They must be a pair of very philosophic parents.

At a finishing establishment for the preparation of young gentlemen for the army, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest (a name inseparably connected with horse-play), the Hon. R. C. Hill, the Hon. William Lambton, and two other young gentlemen not so aristocratic, but equally brutal, have been amusing themselves with torturing a cat. Seeing the poor creature enter a six-inch drain, it struck these five embryo officers that it would be fun to send a dog in after it, and that failing, to burn it out. Their strategy was successful, and it was worried to death. Their defense before the magistrate was that they were "ignorant that the animal was a cat"; and it is needless to say, considering "the position" of the defendants, that the Great Unpaid One dismissed the case. It is satisfactory to learn, however, that an attempt on the part of the defendants to square the matter, and prevent its being made public, by the payment of £15 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was a failure, and their check was paid back to them in open court.

Nothing in the *Bab Ballads* exceeds the terrible absurdity of the case of a baby rough at Leicester, who, though only two years and nine months old, has already killed a rival baby, and is the terror of the infant neighborhood. He is unable to talk, so that his motto would appear to be, "Deeds, not words." His mother confesses that he is "quite beyond control." Of course the jury found that he was not criminally responsible. But what a future may lie before this child! I never shall forget meeting in the public gardens of a certain town with a boy of about six years old in the act of routing an army of nurses with their small charges, and uttering the most hideous imprecations. With the assistance of the gate-keeper, I took him home, struggling like a six-foot grenadier with the delirium tremens. His nurse received us with a sad face. "Master will be sorry," she said, "but he will have to get used to it. It is a heavy trial to him."

"But the child must be mad?" I suggested.

"No, sir—worse," was her enigmatical reply.

I think she meant he was "possessed."

The domestic notice, "No followers allowed," has, it is well known, no more force or effect than the menace of "man-traps and spring-guns" has upon trespassers. Still there is generally some limit as regards the entertainment of our cook's pet policeman and our house-maid's favorite young man. They have never to my knowledge been actual residents of my establishment, though they patronize it pretty freely. Other households, it seems, are not so fortunate. In that of an ancient lady in the Vauxhall Road, for example, "two fashionably attired young men" were residents for many weeks without the knowledge or least suspicion of the proprietress. They were the beloved objects of two of the three female domestics, and the third, true to her order, did not like to "tell upon them," till their misconduct in appropriating their mistress's property threatened to compromise herself.

It has long been contended by some eminent authorities, including our leading journal, that our present method of bookselling is a bad one even for the author. They would wish to see not only the whole lending-library system abolished, but nothing but cheap books. I, on the other hand, with a few other persons who are better acquainted with the subject, have always urged that to make a book cheap *at first* is to take away all chance of a livelihood from both author and publisher. As matters stand, the general public do not suffer, for the cheap book comes, if they will only wait a few months for it, with perfect certainty, and in the mean time, if they are in a great hurry, they can hire it. It is while it is in its lending stage that the author gets his chief profit out of it from the libraries: the two shillings paid for it by the general reader at the book-stall does not leave a sufficient margin to call profit, unless it sells by the ten thousand, which is a rare circulation here, though one talks so glibly of "the million."

Now the publisher of the novels of M. Zola (who has probably been twitted with his immense gains) has, at the instance of his client, published an account of M. Zola's profits from his works in book form, which are sold at from one to two francs per volume—a revelation which has settled the whole question. For the entire set of filthy stories, which have enjoyed, I am sorry to say, a greater circulation than any French novels in existence, M. Zola has received less than Dickens obtained for one single work. With respect to a two-franc edition, however large, it is, in short, made evident that there is not enough "in it," as the phrase goes, to produce any considerable profit.

R. Kemble, London.

It is noiseless and will not disturb your companion; it is so light and easy, you can use it with comfort in warm weather; it is always ready for work, and in travelling does not get out of order; any one can use it; it makes from one spool, by means of its Automatic Tension Device and Stitch Indicator, a stronger and handsomer seam than *can be made on any other sewing-machine.* Ladies leaving town for the summer and wishing the convenience of a sewing-machine should address us for terms of hire or purchase. Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Mr. William Hunter, 515 West 49th Street, City, writes: "Have been a sufferer for the past nine years, and spent a great deal of money for *so-called* catarrh cures, which only aggravated the disease. Was induced to try Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes. The result is a clear head and buoyancy of spirits—in fact *they have made a new man of me.* I cannot find words to express my appreciation of your remedy."—[*Adv.*]

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And Hub Punch is ready. It "tops" all other drinks with ice-water or lemonade. Ask your grocer.—[*Adv.*]

You can avoid premature grayness by using Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its cleanliness.—[*Adv.*]

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